THE PAPER THAT HITS STRAIGHT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 120. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending February 18th, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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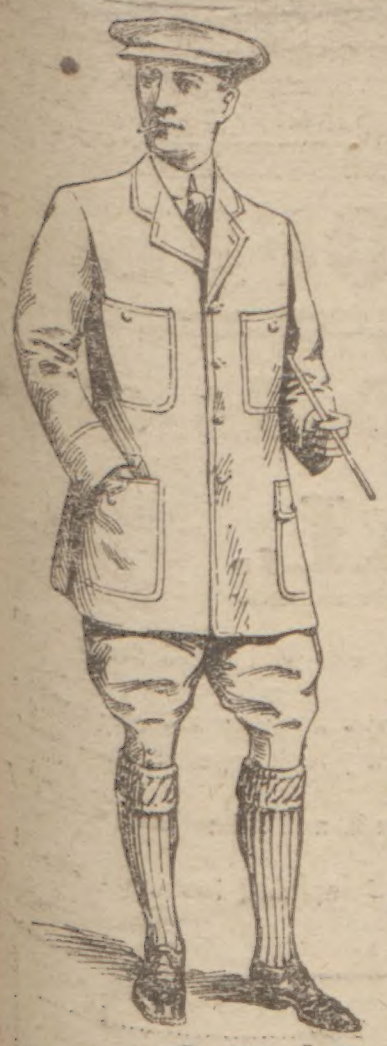

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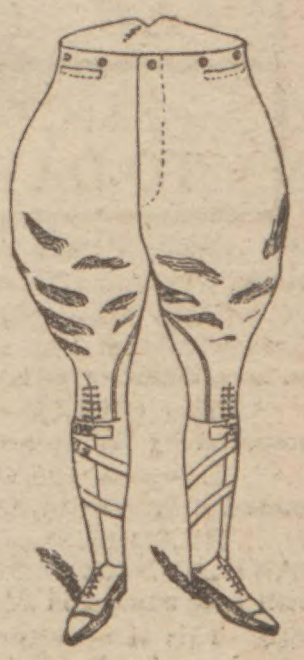

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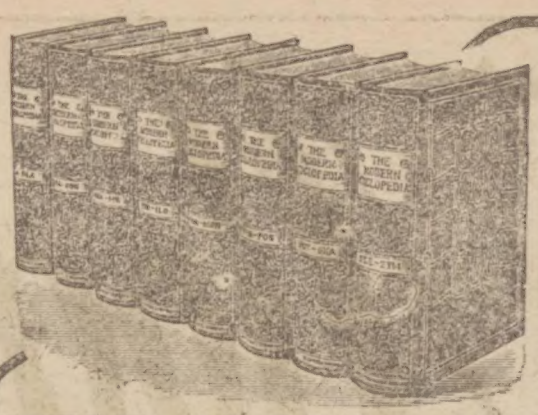

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 120. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 18TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

BOTTOMLEY TAKES ACTION AGAINST US.

Last week, at the end of his very interesting article, Mr. H. Gray-Reid promised to discuss Mr. Horatio Bottomley's dealings with Harry Benson, alias Bebro, the swindler who managed to appropriate the hard-earned savings of so many poor people.

I have in my possession Mr. H. Gray-Reid's article, and I hoped to print it this week, but I do not think that it is advisable for me to do so, because I have received the following documents from Mr. Bottomley's solicitors.

This is the first:

Lloyd, Richardson, and Co., Solicitors, 15, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Telegraphic and Cable Address: "Judicoric, London." Telephone No. 6964 Central. Registered. 30th Jany., 1911.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed we send you notice of our intention to apply to-morrow to the Judge in Chambers for leave to proceed against you criminally for libel upon our clients Horatio Bottomley M.P. and John Bull Ltd.

Yours faithfully, Lloyd Richardson and Co.

J. H. Shepherd, Esq., Editor "Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, W.C.

The second document is:

We the undersigned Lloyd Richardson & Co., of 15, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street in the City of London hereby give you notice that we intend to app'y on behalf of John Bull Limited and Horatio Bottomley M.P. before the Judge in Chambers to-morrow Tuesday the 31st day of January 1911 instant at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for leave to prosecute you the undermentioned J. H. Shepherd and Carey G. Barrman for criminal libel upon the said John Bull Limited and Horatio Bottomley M.P.

Dated this 30th day of January 1911. Lloyd Richardson & Co. Yours etc. of 15, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Solicitors for the above named John Bull Limited and Horatio Bottomley M.P.

To J. H. Shepherd of 21, Tudor Street, and Carey G. Barrman of 21 Tudor Street. E.C.

My name is James Alexander Shepherd, and I generally write it J. A. Shepherd for short. I do not know anyone named J. H. Shepherd, but, as these documents reached me, I presume that they refer to me.

Mr. Bowerman is the managing director of the United Press, Limited, who publish this paper for us. So much impressed was I with the efficient manner in which he published the paper, that upon the formation of the THE MODERN MAN, Limited, I requested him to become one of the directors, and that position he now holds.

His name is Cary Godfry Bowerman, and it is to be presumed that he was referred to in the second document printed above.

It is interesting to consider these mistakes in the documents mentioned.

I take this, the earliest possible, opportunity of accepting full personal responsibility for everything that has appeared in the pages of THE MODERN MAN.

I face the situation with perfect equanimity, for I have complete confidence in the wisdom of our judges, in the ability of the eminent counsel and solicitors whom I have engaged, and in my own honesty of purpose.

Owing to the fact that we go to press a considerable time in advance of publication, it will be impossible for me to give you in this paper the latest news regarding these proceedings, but the matter will probably be dealt with fully in the daily newspapers.

Under the circumstances, I think that I ought to sign this not merely with my usual friendly formula, "Your Editor," but with my own name,

JAMES ALEXANDER SHEPHERD.

THE VALUE OF GOOD KICKING

SOME POINTS FOR THE AMBITIOUS PLAYER TO NOTE.

By WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur and Notts County).

I often wonder that of all the books which have been written on the Association game none have dealt fully with the subject of kicking.

Day after day I read not only of school teams, but of the best in the land, that the shooting in front of the goal is erratic.

If this is true of the very best players, how much more must it be so of the rank and file who have never done anything beyond the most casual training.

My plan in coaching was not to attempt to teach young fellows at first to kick properly, but to get them into the way of running about and putting all their weight into the game. When this was accomplished and they were ready to receive hints and put them into practice, then I proceeded a little further, and the most important thing was to show them how to kick.

If you watch a lot of inexperienced players you will find that most of them want to kick with the end of their toes. But no one will ever become a good Association football player until he has got rid of this fault.

EARLY TRAINING.

I look back to my young days when I used to play with a school club. There was no power in our kicking at all, yet this is absolutely necessary. Then we got an old International player who explained the matter fully to us, and every day for four months he showed us how to play. The result of this systematic training was that at the end of the time no one would have recognised us as the same set of players.

How, then, must the ball be kicked? The correct way is to send the ball off the lower part of the instep. That is the point to grasp.

If a young man once gets hold of the art of kicking off the instep the rest will come quite easily. You have to learn to get your foot in the right position at the moment of meeting the ball.

FORCE RATHER THAN DISTANCE.

The next thing is to keep the ball low down, skimming just along the ground, and then you can acquire what is still more valuable, powerful and clean driving. In my early days it was thought a great thing if you could kick the ball from one end of the field to the other, and people were delighted to see it kicked out of the ground. The farther it went and the more often it scattered the spectators, the better was the play considered.

The ideal backs will find it necessary to be able to kick cleanly and with power, because they have to clear what is known as the danger zone. The forwards, of course, have to learn to kick from various distances, but it is rather a low, short drive that comes unexpectedly which they are required to practise.

But there is one more very important thing to learn about kicking. Formerly very few men were able to kick with their left foot. In my early professional days a man was looked upon almost with awe if he possessed the gift of accurate driving with either foot. To-day there are a great number who possess it, but there is no reason at all why all players should not learn to use the right and left foot with the same facility. I have taught boys to kick with the left foot from the very beginning, and they have thoroughly enjoyed it when once they have mastered it.

A large number of coaches, especially at our schools, ought to devote much more attention to this, for it is becoming extremely difficult to get a place in a good team unless you have acquired the power of kicking with either foot.

There remains one other point. Kicking is splendid exercise. Again and again I have watched a crack team practising it, and if the best sides find it necessary to make their team practise in this way, how much more must it be so for the player who has yet to make good his pretensions to becoming a first-class player.

THE NEED FOR PRACTICE.

When I was at Tottenham I have seen Mr. Woodward and Alexander Tait up very early in the morning before breakfast. They had a ball in front of the goal, and they would practise kicking from all sorts of angles.

Now, as a matter of fact, every side ought to do this. Aston Villa, Manchester United, Chelsea, and many others have during the last few weeks tried to improve their shooting by means of kicking practices.

WALTER BULL.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE HALFPENNY STAMP.

There was a time, not so long ago, when it was considered "good form" in the highest circles to put two halfpenny stamps on a letter in preference to a penny one.

How such a ridiculous custom came into existence it is difficult to imagine. It must undoubtedly have involved much extra labour at the post-office, for it is not always possible to deface the heads on both stamps with a single postmark.

But though that fashion has fortunately died out, and a man generally uses a penny stamp if he happens to possess one, there are several questions with regard to the use of the halfpenny stamp which are puzzling to many of us and on which the "Postal Guide" gives no information.

For instance, is it good form to send out invitations, Christmas-cards, and so on in open envelopes with a halfpenny stamp? The post-office allows it, but does etiquette?

To answer an invitation, even of the most formal order, on a halfpenny postcard is generally admitted to be bad form, for in this case you are only sending out the single communication and the difference in cost is only a halfpenny. When you are sending out a large number of printed invitations, however, to send them all with halfpenny stamps may save a considerable sum.

But is it correct? There are undoubtedly those who would be offended at receiving a Christmas-card, for instance, tucked into an open halfpenny-stamped envelope, while others would look upon it as the most natural thing in the world.

HASTY DEMOLITIONS.

HOW COMMUNICATIONS AND OBSTACLES ARE DESTROYED IN TIME OF WAR.

The love of destruction is strong within the human breast, and next to prodding the foe with a bayonet Tommy enjoys nothing better than practising "hasty demolitions" —that is, destroying bridges, railways, houses, stockades, obstacles, and so on, either by means of explosives or without them—a work which, apart from the chance of demolishing himself, is often rendered doubly dangerous in warfare by having to be carried out under fire.

An army carries with it three kinds of explosive — guncotton, gunpowder, and cordite. Dynamite may be obtained locally and used, but it is not part of an army's equipment.

When a lifting and shaking effect is required, as in blowing up tunnels, gunpowder is the best explosive, but where a cutting and shattering effect is wanted, as in blowing up gates, stockades or the piers of a bridge, guncotton, cordite, or dynamite gives the best results.

Guncotton is carried *wet* in slabs weighing 2lb. and 1½lb.

It is carried wet because it is less liable to accidental explosion than when dry, and is also rather more powerful in its effect.

Guncotton has to be detonated, but to detonate wet guncotton requires a very large amount of detonating substance, so dry guncotton is also carried in small discs called "primers."

The "primer" is placed close to the charge and detonated, and in turn it detonates the wet slabs, which explode with far greater violence than if they had been directly detonated without the interposition of the primer.

The method of demolishing a bridge depends on its nature. A bridge built of arches on piers is best brought down by blowing down the piers, so as to bring two arches down at the same time, but, if built on the girder or cantilever system, the girders should be destroyed by means of guncotton.

Railways are best attacked by blowing up the tunnels and bridges, but the rails themselves may be destroyed by small charges of guncotton (¾lb. for iron rails, ¼lb. for steel), placed in the grooves, or between "pots."

Houses are best blown up from the inside, but if the enemy is in possession, the storming party must carry the slabs up to the walls and place them against them—a very dangerous operation. Gates and stockades must be treated in the same way.

In the case of guncotton the fuse is connected with the detonating cartridge, which in turn communicates with the primer, and this, as already explained, with the wet charge. Gunpowder, of course, is exploded directly by the spark of the fuse, and does not require to be detonated.

The fuse consists of a cord, which burns in the case of instantaneous fuses at the rate of thirty yards a second, in safety fuses at the rate of four feet a minute.

Little can be done against stone or brick bridges without explosives, but wooden ones may be burnt or hacked to pieces.

Railways may be destroyed by removing the rails, especially at curves. The American used to lift long lengths of rail by means of levers and pulleys.

Telegraph lines are quickly rendered useless by cutting the wires, or pulling down the posts, but these injuries are only temporary, and it is better to attack the apparatus itself, and make "faults" or "leaks" in the wires.

In conclusion it may be said that "hasty demolitions" require knowledge and coolness if they are to be effective, and a skilful engineer will do more damage with a few pounds of guncotton than an ignorant man with a ton of it.

"CHINSTRAP."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE WAY OUT

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Major Brandish found a telegram waiting for him when he arrived at his club that afternoon. It was from Colonel Teriban, his friend from boyhood and brother officer through several campaigns; and it read:

Must see you. Come out to my place to-night. On no account fail.—Teriban.

Major Brandish folded up the telegram with an impassive face and pocketed it. He did not know why Teriban should wish to see him, nor did he attempt to find out by useless conjecture. Whatever it was explanation would be forthcoming at the proper time. He could wait.

He proceeded to the smoking-room, and to his favourite seat at the window, and there remained for some time reading the latest edition of the "Evening Standard." His attention was confined to the columns headed "The Chillingham Mystery," and he followed with close interest the report of the evidence given at the inquest that day.

He was a somewhat stern-looking, self-contained man, irreproachably dressed, with solitary blue eyes and the unmistakable stamp of the thoroughbred about him. He looked much younger than his forty years.

Laying down the paper presently, he gazed reflectively out of the window until disturbed by the club waiter switching on the electric lights.

Then he stood up quite suddenly, clicking his heels together, and staring straight ahead. It was a peculiar action, and the waiter glanced inquisitively in his direction.

"Just as though he'd heard a word of command, and jumped up at once to obey it," was his version of the incident to a friend.

Another moment and the Major was back in his chair calling for a whisky-and-soda.

"Bring me the final editions of the newspapers as soon as they arrive," he requested, on being served.

"Very good, sir."

And shortly afterwards he read that the coroner's inquest in connection with the famous "Chillingham Mystery" had terminated in a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown." He seemed to be rendered more impassive than ever by the news.

* * * * *

Colonel Teriban was a bachelor living in a bungalow by the Thames-side a little distance above Hampton.

It was past nine o'clock when Major Brandish arrived, his quick steps sounding loud in the stillness as he covered the short gravel path.

A voice hailed him from the darkness as he reached the door.

"That you, Brandish?"

"Yes."

"I'm here. On the verandah."

The Major turned, seeing the red glow of a cigar as Teriban rose up from his chair. He ascended the steps and shook hands.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, Brandish?"

The cigar glowed red, and Brandish knew he was being scrutinised in the light of it.

Teriban released his hand.

"Both the boys are out," he explained in his gruff, rather fierce voice, referring to his Indian servants. "The drinks are on the table here. What'll you take?"

Without answering Brandish walked to the table and helped himself. It appeared he had excellent sight in the dark. Then he turned to his friend.

"Sit," said Teriban, passing a chair with precision, and he dropped into his own with sudden explosive sigh.

There was no word spoken for a long time. Then Teriban opened abruptly.

"I have been in Chillingham to-day."

"Chillingham?" said Major Brandish.

"*Chillingham*," repeated Teriban.

"Well?"

"Attending that inquest."

"Oh, yes." Major Brandish reached for his glass. "I have been reading the evidence," he added. "A curious case. Very interesting."

"Too damned interesting for you," said Teriban grimly. "They've got you, Brandish."

"Me?" said the Major, spilling his drink. He carefully wiped his trousers.

"That's awkward," he admitted at length.

"Yes."

"How do you know of this?"

"Headquarters sent me down. They had heard rumours. They knew I was a friend of yours. They hoped the rumours were untrue. They hoped—as I did—that the verdict would be suicide."

"There were certainly indications that way," observed the Major levelly.

He struck a match and lit a cigarette. His face was calm.

It was not so with the Colonel's. He sprang up, walked the length of the verandah, cast away his cigar, and returned.

When he spoke, his voice was hard as iron.

"The influence of Headquarters was powerful enough to keep your name out of the evidence to-day. But it could not prevent that verdict. And it will not prevent your being arrested to-morrow."

The Major thought. "They flatter me by their concern," he said, and he uttered a sharp, hard laugh, his first symptom of emotion. "I suppose it is because I am highly connected. Not myself, but my wife. And it was because of my wife that I shot that man. Odd thing, life, Teriban!"

"Odd?" exclaimed Teriban fiercely, and recovered himself. "Yes, it is odd," he admitted lamely, and fell into his chair again saying something under his breath.

"I will tell you a brief story," said the Major after a while. "It is about a woman, a man, and a fool. The fool was the woman's husband, and the man her lover. The fool cared for his wife, and believed in her. He believed in her for twenty-five years, which is a biggish slice out of a life. And for twenty-two years she had been fooling him. It is astonishing how easily a woman can fool a man.

"But he found out about it at last. Found out by chancing on a letter which the man had written to her making an appointment at a certain place near—shall we say?—Chillingham.

"The fool kept the appointment instead of his wife. He did not proceed direct to Chillingham, for a reason of his own."

"You went," interposed Teriban, "to the second station farther up the line."

"Yes, I went there," said Brandish.

"The station-master remembered you. I showed him a photograph."

"It is likely."

"And a boy passed you on the line."

"I recollect."

"And a gamekeeper saw you coming out of the wood."

"Conclusive," said the Major.

He went on presently.

"I took a brace of pistols with me. It was getting dark, but I knew the country fairly well, and the letter showed plainly enough where I should find my man. It was in an open space between the trees that I met him. He refused to fight, so I shot him in his tracks."

"Just so," said Teriban.

"I was careful to point out," explained the Major, "that his crime was not that he had loved my wife—or she him. But that they had fooled me for so long. It is not a pleasant thing to be fooled for *two-and-twenty* years."

"No," said Teriban. "By G—d, you're right! . . . What about your wife?"

"I told her nothing."

"Did she guess?"

"I think so." The cigarette fell listlessly from his fingers. "She went on a visit to her friends," he ended.

"Her highly connected friends," broke out Teriban savagely, "—where the rumours began."

He could not keep his seat. For several minutes he paced restlessly up and down. Then he stopped, stamping with each heel.

"I have been instructed to put before you an alternative," he said.

"I agree to it," replied the Major at once.

"You know what I refer to?"

"I have already made arrangements, old fellow."

"It seems—damnable; but there is your own name, and the Service's, and—another's."

"Yes. True. I understand all that."

"I wish there were another way."

"It does not matter," said the Major. "I am already dead in my heart, Teriban."

They replenished their glasses, and, strangely enough, for a time talked of other things.

Then—

"It will have to be to-night," said the Major, getting at length to his feet. "You can, of course, assure me that afterwards the two affairs will not be connected?"

"I was authorised to say so," answered Teriban. "Unofficially, of course, but you can rely on my authority."

"Good. Well, I must now be off."

"Have you decided what to do?"

"I shall catch the Western night express, and attend to it in the railway carriage. It's as good a place as any, I think."

"You have a weapon?"

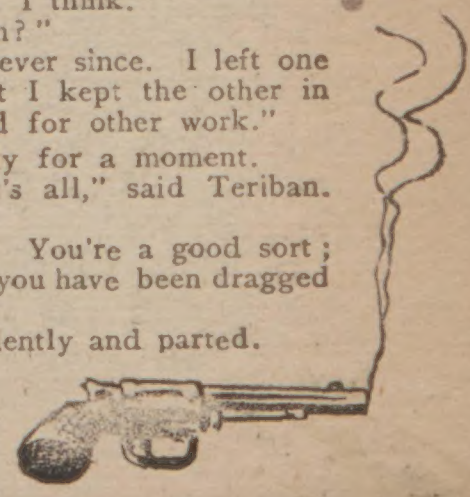
"I have carried one ever since. I left one of them with—him, but I kept the other in case it might be needed for other work."

They stood awkwardly for a moment.

"Well, it seems that's all," said Teriban. "Good-bye, Brandish."

"Good-bye, Teriban. You're a good sort; always were. I'm sorry you have been dragged into this mess."

They wrung hands silently and parted.



Facing the Facts of Nature.

A PRACTICE THAT WOULD SAVE MANKIND MUCH TROUBLE.

There is great danger in hiding the head in the sands of sentiment and deluding oneself with the notion that kindness is the moving power between man and man.

There is no single aspect of human life in which all men would not be far better equipped if only they would look the facts of Nature straight in the face and realise that things are not always, or even often, what they seem.

A little incident which careful observers of the ways of the wild creatures in their natural surroundings are now and then very fortunate to witness gives the key to the whole truth about Nature human, and otherwise.

It was a peaceful, sunlit evening in early autumn. The days had hardly "drawn in" perceptibly, and the full tide of summer was hardly on the ebb.

AN IDYLLIC SCENE.

In a secluded field a number of rabbits were browsing. Some were moving to and fro, some were sitting contentedly nibbling the lush grass that had grown up after the main hay crop had been carried.

It was a scene into which there could (one might have thought) come no element of cruelty or disturbance. An idyllic scene of pastoral beauty and rural simplicity.

The rabbits had emerged from a thick spinney of brambles, young oaks, hazel bushes, and rushy, tangled grass. This was their home, a place where they felt secure from all dangerous intrusions of hungry birds or beasts of prey.

Suddenly, from somewhere which was certainly not clear to the observer, there appeared a stoat.

Now, the stoat is one of the prettiest little animals to be found in England. This stoat seemed to know its good looks. It had hardly appeared in the midst of the rabbits before it deliberately began to amuse them!

It turned head-over-heels, flung its smooth, brown, lithe body up in the air with many a twist, many a leap.

FASCINATED.

The rabbits, which ought to have known, from long and cruel experience, that this amusing little creature was one of their deadliest enemies, were completely thrown off their guard by his quaint blandishments and curious antics.

There they sat, as if fascinated, and anyone could have put salt on their tails.

With insidiously gradual movements the little stoat, inexhaustible as an acrobat, gradually drew nearer and nearer to the rabbits. He did not do so deliberately, but he cunningly contrived to come to ground after one of his amazing leaps an inch or so nearer to the rabbits.

Very soon he was within easy reach of a young and tender one.

He was (so the rabbits thought) just about to continue his antics when——

Long, piercing squeals of pain and terror rang along the spinney-side. The little "amusing" stoat had done well! Like a flash of lightning he had leapt upon the shoulders of a rabbit and had buried his terrible teeth deep in its neck.

There he clung while the dying rabbit shivered and gasped ineffectually in his grip. Next day a dead rabbit lay in the grass and the stoat was elsewhere, happy, well-fed, and contented.

PLAIN FACTS.

Self-preservation, Nature's first law, had caused the others to disappear into the spinney when it suddenly dawned on them that the stoat was not a philanthropist, roaming the country to amuse rabbits.

There are thousands of people who are fond of talking about Nature as if Nature were some magic spell that overrides every human instinct and makes us all altruists working for each other instead of for our own hand and our own gain.

In every walk of life there are stoats to amuse, delude, and slaughter. Business life (where the self-preservation law is only thinly overlaid by conventions which tend to disguise and hide our real motives in dealing with each other) is obviously a case in point. "Business is business," as THE MODERN MAN reminds us every week, and business is also warfare of a very decided kind. It is human nature (much the same as wild animal nature) that it should be so.

If you look outside business, and take a wider view of international rivalry, the same thing is not obvious exactly, but is there all the same.

DIPLOMACY.

If it should ever be your fortune to read diplomatic correspondence between the representatives of one nation and another you will be struck by the extreme cordiality, the overflowing loving kindness, that seems to exist between them. The representatives have "the honour to be" this or that to each other and seem to be the most loving friends, while all the time they know full well that if those diplomatic relations fail to achieve a satisfactory result there are armies waiting round the corner who will know the reason why.

Turn, again, to the relations between woman and woman. Have you ever found a woman who will truly agree that another woman is really handsome, really smart, really chic, really pretty? Not they. There is a constant warfare between woman and woman. See what happens, for instance, when two happen to want the same man. Chivalry, even common honesty, is flung to the winds, and it is a fight with every available weapon. human nature.

Or, again, look at the way of the wom a certain class with a man, a stranger. she really feel that pleasure which she tr simulate by smiles? Is he, this stranger man she would really like to know and more of? Many men lose their heads think so—for a time.

FOR SALE.

Or would she be equally pleased if any of the rich-looking men who are passing and down the street in thousands were to the other man's place?

Yes, of course she would.

And why? Well, her object is not pleasant companionship. She is for sale the higher the price offered the better "likes" the purchaser for the time being.

No. A little straight facing of the fact all Nature would save many of us a of trouble. R. C. MARDEN

CHEEK.

"The waiter recommended the fish," s lady when suing for damages after poisoned. Did she expect the waiter to "stinking fish" to his employer's custom

* * *

"Clumps are better than rows in a garden," said the expert. He was refe to horticulture, not to pugilism.

* * *

"Rye M.P. honoured," says a co porary. This curt method of naming Member is much against the grain.

* * *

The rat plague has been respo for some strange statements. "The Chronicle" says it is more dangerous leave dead rats lying about than to them to run. Active little dead rats!

* * *

He was an anarchist and his name Norté. I only mention this to show *can* control myself on occasion. I shall tell you what the police said when arre him.

* * *

Quite an omnibus sort of man was who was fined recently for carrying ma while working in a coal mine. His was Kitchener! All the elements for a old flare up!

* * *

Harriet, Harriet!

Why fetch and carry it?

Why not allow the aristocracy to their own tales behind them?

* * *

Cold weather market reports: Butter.

* * *

"The ideal house does not exist," s "Evening News" writer. Try the ne agent. He will throw in "gravel soil" nothing.

* * *

"Thieves," says a telegram from "have carried off wholesale potatoes other things from railway vans. They so much better than those wretched "taters."

* * *

A little town in Essex wants to cele the acquisition of a water supply by elaborate ceremony. There was talk a time of postponing the Coronation, but difficulty, it is hoped, will be solved by cessions on both sides.

* * *

People are discovering that conversa over the telephone are not private. judging by the way most people shout the instrument, it would seem that secrecy the last thing they desired. TOUCHWOOD

From Dawn to Dusk

THE SPORTSMAN'S FEELINGS AS THE DAY RUNS ITS COURSE.

In a day's walk, a day's shooting, fishing, cricket, cycling, or indeed in a day's sport of practically any kind, there are certain mental and physical stages through which a man must pass. These stages are at once his pleasure and his pain, for while they are indications of his enjoyment they are also the warning that his enjoyment must cease within a very short time.

From early morning till hungry supper-time there is no hour of the day when these influences are not at work on a man's mind and body and senses. Indeed, any day healthily spent—in the open, actively—is to some not unlike a Turkish bath in its well-known and clearly-defined stages.

STARTING THE DAY.

Precisely what it is that so changes a man's outlook and sensations as his day wears on it would be hard to define, but there can be few men, surely, who have not experienced this gradual change from morning until evening, and who have not thoroughly enjoyed the fitness of it all.

The quality of the early morning influence is rich and full and free from any thought of satiety. The pottering sportsman takes his gun, and what cartridges he thinks he will need, and strides off with vigour enough to tramp round six farms instead of only the one he happens to be shooting over.

And here in passing one cannot refrain from a word about those cartridges! How the pockets bulged, and how every pocket was made to hold its share! And how invariably we reach home with almost half of them still unused!

Still there are infinite possibilities in the day ahead; and, while looking forward, there is no room for any gloomy anticipations.

PREPARATIONS.

If you are walking, you lace your boots with a determined pull and adjust your leggings with decision. You grip the stout ash companion of your wanderings, make sure that you have the wherewithal to satisfy your small needs, with a little extra for emergencies that you know are unlikely to arise, and out you go.

The air is as wine, and you breathe and blow with enjoyment as you scan the sky and throw the mind's eye over the acres and miles you are soon to traverse in reality.

If you have any doubts about the complete success of the coming day, you had better not start at all, for at this end of an outing there is no room for doubts in a keen man's outlook.

And so you start: whatever your mission, the tremendous exhilaration of the top of the morning keeps you going for hours. The longer you are out the farther the end of the day recedes, and time stretches strangely at this period.

CONCERNING LUNCH.

When you have found a new and insistent appetite it is time to look round for a resting-place where you can sit and eat and drink. Whenever possible, I advise the open-air roamer to carry his own lunch, for many reasons.

Unfortunately it is not the rule, but rather the exception, to be able to find a square meal at an inn in the unfrequented country. Ale and cakes of a sort are often the only kinds of grub to be obtained.

Bread-and-cheese, certainly, are generally going, but the cheese of England's country inns is not what it was. A tasteless, soapy, indigestible foreign product fills but does not satisfy. It stings, and it needs endless butter and copious draughts of ale to make it palatable.

So my advice to the man out for the day is: Take your own grub. It need not be heavy or cumbersome to carry. Do not, however, leave its preparation to the maids or your own womenkind.

NEAT BUT NOT FILLING.

These people are apt to be too dainty, and when you open the neat and attractive parcel and find a set of beautifully-cut but very, very thin sandwiches within, it is something of a shock.

As you devour them wholesale—one at a mouthful every time—you long for a really thick slab of bread-and-butter with a solid wedge of meat between.

It is best to superintend the preparation of the lunch parcel yourself. Let it be thick, not too dry, and do not forget the seasonings which make all the difference between mere food and appetising grub.

Try and make it varied. Thus a set of tolerably hearty bread-and-meat sandwiches are the basis of every outdoor lunch; but there should also be something lighter in the way of home-baked cakes, round, crisp, and sweet.

If you are fortunate in possessing an apple-room, where, even in late winter, there is still some fruit left, go up and select three or four small apples for your further sustenance.

NO SNACKS!

Choose the small ones, for they are easier to carry, and will spread over a longer period. Once an apple is bitten, there is no putting it aside, so that one huge apple, once begun, must be finished there and then.

It is worth while making careful selection of a lunching-place. It is a great mistake to take lunch on these days in a haphazard way, picking out a sandwich as you go, and nibbling at things for an hour or two.

There comes a time when you really feel mightily hungry and you take out what you suppose is left, to have a square meal, and find to your dismay that there are only crumbs and broken scraps left in your pockets. You have had it all without feeling the benefit, and your plight is sad indeed!

Very well, then; you are at the middle, and the best, part of your journey. The morning has been long and splendid, filled with an infinite variety of interests. You munch in peace; and then you smoke in, if possible, greater peace. Be careful, if you have chosen a barn or a haystack for your lunching-place, to get away before you light up. Fire spreads with incredible rapidity up the side of a stack, and, once alight, you have no chance of subduing it.

Do not sit too long, for as yet the days are rather short than long, and, moreover, the limbs after a morning's tramp have a way of getting fixed. They show an extreme objection to further effort.

OFF AGAIN.

So you get up, shake the crumbs from your jacket, stamp your feet to induce a better circulation, and bethink you of the rest of the day's programme.

It is now that the hardest part of your day arrives. The morning has been splendid; the lunch has satisfied and refreshed you, and again you are ready to face the road or to resume your strolling round the hedges where the rabbits run.

But it suddenly dawns upon you that the night, if not at hand, is at least not very far off. It is a disturbing discovery, and you set to work with almost feverish energy to make the most of what daylight there is left to spend.

Many hours seem to have passed since you sat down to lunch. Time has stolen a march upon you. Until lunch there seemed hours and hours for everything. Now, good heavens! night is upon you.

The freshness of the air has gone, day has worn almost shabby, and there is still much to be done. It is with a feeling almost of anxiety that you endeavour to crowd into each remaining minute its full share, and more, of activity and enjoyment.

GATHERING SHADOWS.

It is with positive dismay that you see the distant views fading out into grey-blue haze.

Then comes a moment when you are uncertain whether an object before you is a rabbit or a molehill. The thing, whatever it is, seems to move as you watch it steadily, trying to pierce the gathering dusk.

To make sure you stalk it.

Nearer and nearer you approach, but the object makes no motion. To your amused surprise it turns out to be merely a tuft of brown dead grass.

Most unwillingly you are forced towards home. The daylight is fast fading. Away in the woods the pheasants have been crowing and croaking for an hour, and you have heard the partridges out in the open calling with their creaky voices to one another over the hedges.

THE HOME-COMING.

With every step that brings you nearer to home and rest you change the morning's feeling of exhilaration for one of gladness at the thought of a fire and steaming tea.

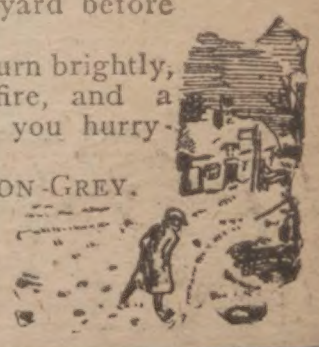
And when at last a light shines out through the trees and you can fix the exact spot, in the early darkness, where there is warmth and welcome waiting, you willingly abandon the open.

But the day was worth spending as you have spent it; and if a man were not sometimes tired the home-coming would lose its attractiveness.

There is a chilly dampness in the air as you scrape the heavy mud from your boots and stamp heavily on the flags in the yard before entering.

The lamps have just begun to burn brightly, you catch a glimpse of a red fire, and a savoury odour of hot toast sends you hurrying to your room to change.

C. EASTON-GREY.



CLUB NEWS.

LONG EATON.—The Long Eaton MODERN MAN Club have elected our Editor as president.

SOUTH LONDON.—The South London MODERN MAN Club have done the same thing. We appreciate the honour most highly.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. W. R. Searle, 67, Edmund Road, Adderley Park, Birmingham, is organising a MODERN MAN Club for that city. All local readers are cordially invited to communicate with him.

THE BRITISH WORKING-MAN

HIS VIRTUES AND HIS FAILINGS.

There are some who would have us believe that the British working-man is a paragon, with a monopoly of all the virtues, while others draw him as a hopeless sot, and a third view presents him as a down-trodden slave, crushed to make gold for avaricious capitalists.

Of course, as an average type he is none of these things. There are ultra-good working-men, bricklayers with halos, and plumbers with wings, and there are drunken beasts, while occasionally the British working-man is sweated. But it is with the virtues and faults of the average British working-man that I am going to try to deal.

In regard to his many excellences he is, in the first place, human and a man. There is nothing namby-pamby about him, and the kindness of the poor to the poor is proverbial, or should be.

Then he is a sportsman. His sport is not, perhaps, always of the highest class, but that is not his fault. It is the best he can get and afford. Were he able to enjoy purer sport he certainly would, for a genuine love of genuine sport is deeply ingrained in the British working-man.

A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

It is not fair to judge the British working-man by him who looks on at professional football, or at rabbit coursing, or bets on races he never sees.

There are others, many others, who give their hard-won leisure, their hard-earned pocket money to taking part in sports and games for sheer love of them.

The British working-man is a sportsman in the face of great difficulties, and therefore he deserves much honour as a sportsman, and from sportsmen.

He is a sportsman, too, in character, taking hard knocks good-humouredly, playing the game, and keeping a stiff upper lip through life.

He is a kindly man. The other day I saw one of him giving some stray children a ride in his empty barrow. He was an ugly, grimy man, but after the kiddies had had their ride, and trotted off highly delighted, his face was made almost beautiful by the rare kindliness that shone through the grime, as he watched the children trotting off and waved back to them. Such pleasant scenes are common enough.

PROUD OF HIS WORK.

Given a fair chance, the British working-man is an excellent workman. He is not perhaps quite so much of an artist as the French *ouvrier*, but he often takes a pride in his work and makes of it a labour of love.

This, however, is, alas! more a virtue of the past than the present.

The craze for cheapness, for shoddy, is causing the British workman to lose his pristine skill and to scamp his work. This, however, is not his fault.

He is a better read man than most people imagine. Indeed, according to an eminent social student, the balance of intellectual power is passing from the middle to the working classes. The middle classes may read more than they used to, but they certainly read less that is worth reading.

Trashy novels satisfy the middle classes for the most part, but the working-man likes something on which his intellectual teeth, so to speak, can bite.

Perhaps he reads too much, and is apt to be puffed out with undigested learning, but that point may be more fully considered among his faults, to which I now turn.

It may not be a very serious matter, but I do think that one great fault of the British working-man is his physical dirtiness. I cannot understand why he cannot, like his French brother, wear loose overalls when at work, so that, his toil finished, he can discard them and go forth clean and neat, and not the evil-smelling, dirty, dust-and-muck-distributing disgrace he too often is at present.

THE OTHER SIDE.

It may be a small point, but I think that the working-man would be a better man morally if he were cleaner physically.

Then in some respects the British working-man is a fool to himself. His household arrangements are notoriously extravagant. He lives badly and expensively on ill-cooked and innutritious food, with the inevitable result that he suffers in every way.

He takes too much interest in the politics that don't matter, too little interest in the vital problems that affect him and his country.

He is too easily swayed by wind-bag agitators and too ready to cut off his nose to spite his face.

He boasts about his freedom, but tamely submits to the tyranny of trade unionism.

For all his so-called radicalism, he is often intensely and stupidly conservative. He won't move with the times, he won't adapt himself to changing conditions, and when he sees his trade slipping from him he lets it go without an effort to save it.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

He is too fond of his own point of view, too intolerant of the opinions of others.

He indulges in senseless strikes, because he can seldom be brought to see that if there are faults on the employer's side there are also faults on his.

And is he not becoming something of a cadger and a sponger—free education, meals, and even clothing for his children—reduced rents, trains, and tram-fares for himself—parks, libraries, hospitals, museums, and so on, to which he contributes nothing, opened for his benefit—no income-tax—where is it all going to end? It seems to me that it must end in the degradation of the working-man, the loss of his once sturdy British independence and manliness.

J. B. GREENER.

SPORTING OUTFITS

can be bought cheaply by means of an advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange.

See page 3 of cover.

OFFICE ATMOSPHERES.

A CONTRAST IN CHARACTER.

There is nothing so striking in business the different atmospheres that are to be fo in different offices.

It is, of course, natural that offices engag in widely-differing kinds of activity will pervaded by very different spirits. This not the point which it is desired to br out, however, in this connection.

What does strike one as strange is th one set of men in one office will make themselves quite an atmosphere of comra ship, while another office, where practica the same types of men are to be found, w have no sort of common interest.

Two typical offices, each one bearing o one side of this problem, are well-kno to the writer.

Let me give a picture of the life of e of them; and let me take the better o first.

It is a big mercantile house where abo two hundred men of all grades are e ployed. No man in that office is really known to the others.

No sooner do the men begin to assem in the morning than there is a feel throughout the place that each man has interest in the others, and that all are bo together by ties of common interest.

No one can say exactly what the se of this bond is or whence it arises, but tha exists none can deny.

It is, of course, in the dinner hour, and half hour of the late evening just before men leave the office, that this office spirit sh itself.

At such times there is much talk of doings of each other. There is an interest one another's out-of-office activities, a co paring of notes on sport, gardens, clothes, an infinite number and variety of o subjects.

There are meetings planned for after ho and the doings of the several branches of office athletic club are regarded as among pleasantest events all the year round.

But look into the other office and try fathom the reason for that aloofness and indifference of the men towards one anothe

When they arrive at business there is hard a greeting heard. Every man seems wrapp up in himself, and to care nothing about rest.

The atmosphere is almost one of suspici so little friendly intercommunication is there

Matters of vital interest to the men as ployees are spread from one to another at intervals by accident. There is no commu of interest even in the work of the house.

The individual men might have dropp from the clouds, so little do they bring the office with them any atmosphere of so bility.

The worst aspect of this kind of shoulder office-spirit is seen at night w work is done.

Men leave their desks, change their co wash, and pass out into the dark without much as a friendly "good-night."

One would be excused for supposing th each was escaping, at the earliest possi moment, from some dangerous contamination

There seems nothing to account for th strange differences of atmosphere, but the is no doubt about their existence. The m who happens to be imbued with a spirit comradeship and to be desirous of mak friends among his fellow-employees is like to find these chilly offices little to his taste.

And the worst of it is that any effort change the atmosphere, by introducing such influence as sport, is as likely as not to deeply resented, and the offender to be branded as a meddlesome fellow.

ARTHUR B. WHATEL

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM MACK

by E. HAMILTON EDDING.

On Liverpool Street Station, Miss Edith Becker stood by the board that exhibits in letters of gold and blue the times of the departure of the trains.

Rather anxiously she looked at the big clock and then to the paved space under it, but she could not recognise in either the hurrying porter, the young lady with the feathers, or the Harwich-bound Marine the familiar features of the young man to whom she was wont to refer (to her fellow-typettes) as "my intended."

It was usual, on Tuesdays, for them to meet at 6 p.m. sharp under the clock, as on every evening of all others Miss Becker had the excuse for arriving at her Enfield home later than nine o'clock the fact that she had been to Music."

If she had not actually got as far as Music, she had arrived at a music-master who was always willing to oblige her to the extent of cutting her hour's lesson short to twenty minutes, and who never made the slightest comment on the fact that the excuses she advanced were somewhat weak. As a matter of plain truth, that music-master had so frequently seen Mr. William Mack lolling against the street-corner lamp-post and smoking a cigarette that he had come to regard as a friend "my lady-friend outside."

On Liverpool Street Station the big clock-hand shivered visibly to the one minute past six, and still no William Mack appeared out of the stream of homeward-hurrying City workers to claim his own. * * * Two—three—four—minutes! . . .

Pretty Miss Becker thought desperately of returning the uncalled-for glad eye turned upon her by the young man who always travelled in a second-class non-smoker by the Enfield 6.7 train and got out at the station before Enfield Town. She was about to do so in the hope that Mr. William Mack would miss her and become madly jealous, when something tickled her shapely nose and she sneezed distinctly. One—two—three—four.

"Once a wish, twice a kiss, three times a letter, four times a—a disappointment," exclaimed Miss Becker, tragically.

Above her the clock marked 6.5, two minutes to the departure of the Enfield train—and still no William! The fatal fourth sneeze had decided it. Turning with a suddenness that set her four-frilled best petticoat swishing around her ankles, she walked resolutely to platform No. 2, where the Enfield train stood waiting.

"Season!" said she—and this with such off-handedness that the ticket-collector imagined for an instant that it was his wife who was speaking.

Miss Becker swept on.

Then behind her came hurrying footsteps, and in panting accents her name was uttered.

"Edith! I'm sorry I'm late, but——"

Miss Becker took but little notice.

"You needn't flurry yourself, William," she said. "If I'm not good enough to be in time for, I'm not good enough to meet at all. There I've had to wait and wait under that old clock till I felt fit to drop—and you, I dare say, strolling leisurely as you please along Broad Street. A nice thing indeed! And I must say——"

"Take your seats please!"

Amid a slamming of doors the pair found themselves hustled into an open and empty second-class compartment—and the train slid out of the station.

Miss Becker was apparently vastly annoyed.

"There!" she said.

"But Edie——"

"Don't Edie me! (And you can keep over the other side.) I tell you, Mr. Mack,

I knew I should have a disappointment this evening. I sneezed four times—and that's always a sign——"

"But you did not have a disappointment," said Mr. Mack, gently but firmly. "I'm *here!*"

"That's the disappointment," said Miss Becker with evident triumph.

Wounded by this shaft, Mr. William Mack, a picture of blighted hopes, gazed out of the window very tragically at the big tin and poster signs advising him to try this soap or that sauce.

"And if you knew," he said softly, "how I'd been thinking of you all day, Edith!"

"Have you?" said Miss Becker, incautiously. "My ear *did* burn something awful about a quarter to four——"

"That was the time!" exclaimed Mr. Mack, crossing over with masterful suddenness and—well—mentally thanking his lucky stars that had placed them both in an otherwise empty compartment.

"Where's your music-case?" he asked artlessly, disengaging himself.

"Don't tell me you've forgotten——" said Miss Becker on the verge of sudden tears. "Don't tell me you've forgotten why I'm not going to music to-night——"

"It was only my joke," said Mr. Mack hastily (as indeed it was). "I was just seeing whether you remembered I was coming to see your mother to-night to ask," he concluded romantically, "for just the dearest thing in all the world. . . . Oh, don't cry!"

Two tears, however, had consented to appear, after much effort by Miss Becker.

"I was—laughing this morning," she said, in broken accents. "I knew—I should—cry before night. Old saying—but what a true one! I always notice, William——"

"Now don't be a stupid little woman," said Mr. Mack, attempting to administer comfort. "You bother that pretty head of yours a deal too much about these sayings and superstitions. All rot, my dear girl, all rot. (There, now, don't start again!)"

"Ah, you always say that, William——"

"'Ackney Dahns!' 'Ackney Dahns!" came musically from the station at which the train drew up.

Their carriage-door opened and a cheery-faced man, with a wooden stump for a leg, hopped in.

Miss Becker's face paled at this omen of ill-luck, and she sat in dead silence for the rest of the journey.

As all the world knows, there is only one thing to counteract the evil of meeting a man with a wooden leg, and that is to touch a sailor on the back.

Now, the chances of meeting a genuine sailor in Enfield seemed almost unworthy of taking a thousand to one about. Yet, as she crossed the street, the anticipation of impending catastrophe writ large on her face, Miss Becker suddenly perceived a thoroughly authentic blue-jacket walking along with a nautical roll that was evidently receiving valuable assistance from some alcoholic power.

"William," she commanded, "go and touch that man on the back at once——"

"But, my dear girl——"

"If you really would do anything to save me 'an instant's anxiety,' surely it's not much to ask of you . . . . You saw that man with the wooden leg? Well, the last time I saw a man with a wooden leg on the train I lost my purse."

"Yes, but don't you remember I found it and brought it to you—that Saturday. And if it hadn't been for that I should never have known you!"

"Oh yes, you would! I kept thinking that Saturday was a Friday—couldn't get it out of my head, and when you lose a day you gain a friend, you know. . . . Now, William, here comes the man. Remember——"

But Mr. William Mack had, in desperation, already screwed up courage for the deed.

He was somewhat of a novice at touching sailors on the back, which perhaps excuses the fact that in his attempt to touch the sailor so lightly that he should not feel him, the effect of his touch was merely to tickle him.

"Go hon with yer, yer saucy minx!" said the A.B., turning a fish-like grin upon Miss Becker.

"William!" Miss Becker almost screamed. "This man here is insulting me!"

"But you tickled me back, you saucy——"

"Don't you hear him, William—and see him?"

Mr. William Mack was deficient neither in the senses of sight nor hearing. The impression he gained was that the sailor's temper would probably be unwarrantably inflammable at the moment.

"Come—come, Edie," he said. "It's no use quarrelling with our luck."

"My name ain't Luck," said the sailor hazily. "But that's the bloomin' sign an' superscription of the beggar wot's run off with my young woman! Eddard Luck 'is nime is—Mr. Bloomin' Eddard Luck, R.N. If you're one of his pals you're in for a time. I ha' sworn to smash his bloomin' bulk'ead, alter 'is fice, change 'is counting-house for 'im!"

Mr. William Mack regarded the searcher after Edward Luck with hesitation.

"Don't stand there stopping the poor man, William," said Miss Becker, "as he's after Mr. Luck—whom we've just passed."

"Just parst, 'as 'e—the blighter!" exclaimed the A.B. And he staggered off uncertainly.

"Why didn't you let me hit him?" asked Mr. Mack gallantly. "Why didn't you run along a little way and let me eat him up—the insulting——"

"Your birthday's on the twenty-fourth of this month isn't it, William?"

"Yes but what's that——"

"Well, Old Moore says that males born on the twenty-fourth must avoid fighting, as they are threatened with death in battle."

"But this wasn't a battle. It would have been a walk-over," said Mr. Mack with a confidence born of the knowledge that the sailor was now well out of sight.

"You mustn't take the stars too literally," said Miss Becker. "He was in the *Navy*—and that's very *near* a battle, isn't it?"

"If half what some of the scaremongers say is true, I should hope *not*," said Mr. Mack, indulging in a little light chuckling, in which his *fiancée* joined.

They had come now to the residential quarter, and a tinge of a flush was already beginning to suffuse William's countenance.

as the approaching ordeal assumed more terrifying proportions. He had never before met the redoubtable Mrs. Becker, but the picture of her that he had conjured up was by no means reassuring. Also there was a bevy of younger sisters to face.

Somewhat agitated as his sweetheart's home drew numerically nearer along the terrace of precisely similar houses, he flicked imaginary pieces of cotton off his coat-lapels and pulled at his tie. Rather nervously, too, he took from his pocket a small mirror which he used for putting his hair straight after lunch.

"Vanity!" exclaimed Miss Becker gaily, making a snatch for it.

The little round mirror fell to the ground, its cream celluloid back upwards.

Miss Becker stopped short.

"William," she said. "If it's broken, do you know that it means bad luck for seven years?"

"Go on!" said William, testily.

"But it does. Now we must turn round three times and bow. It's the only remedy——"

"How's that going to mend it if it's broken—as it's sure to be?" said Mr. Mack.

Yet in answer to a suggestive push he turned round the requisite three times—and bowed.

"Now pick up the mirror," said Miss Becker, imperiously.

It was entirely intact.

"There you are!" said William's *fiancée* in triumph. "You can thank your lucky stars for *that!*"

As a matter of fact, if Mr. William Mack had closely inspected the narrow rim around the glass, he would have seen that it was raised a shade higher than the inset mirror—and he would have been under the obligation of gratitude to the makers thereof rather than to his lucky stars or any other astronomical bodies.

They knocked at the door of "39" timorously. And Mr. Mack entered into the little parlour painfully confident that he was the cynosure of all eyes.

"I saw you two coming along the street," the portly Mrs. Becker volunteered, after the introductions were over, "and a more consequential pair I never saw. Fancy turning round three times and bowing before coming in——"

"That was for luck," Mr. Mack observed cheerily.

"Are you superstitious?" asked Mrs. Becker.

There was no inflection in the voice that gave indication of the answer expected of him.

"Well, he isn't, mother," said Miss Becker after an awkward pause. "It's the one little thing we don't *quite* agree on."

"Well," said Mr. Mack cheerily, "you see, I've been fortunate enough to secure a safe berth worth three hundred a year in spite of being the thirteenth in seniority——"

"You're quite right," said Mrs. Becker. "I always tell Edith she should not bother her head about these silly superstitions! Now, her Aunt Mary——"

"William doesn't want to hear about Aunt Mary now," said Miss Becker. "He has come to ask you something."

"Yes!" said Mr. Mack gaining confidence. "I've come to ask for your sanction to our engagement with a view to marriage next year."

Mrs. Becker looked him up and down for a brief space.

"My dear boy," she said. "I give it freely! I'm sure my daughter would not choose a young man unworthy of alliance with our *highly* respectable family. . . . Now, do you know, I've dreamt of a funeral three nights running, and when you dream of a funeral you know—er—William—you hear of a marriage!"

GREENHOUSE TIPS

PRACTICAL HELP FOR THE AMATEUR.

The possession of a "bit of glass" is for some reason or other generally left to the man of means, who keeps a gardener to look after it.

Perhaps this is because the man who is his own gardener associates a greenhouse with a furnace that needs continual stoking and consumes a vast quantity of fuel.

But there is no reason for this. A cold greenhouse with no artificial heating at all can be of the greatest service both for producing pot plants and for rearing seedlings to be planted out later on in the open.

The cost of a small, lean-to glass-house against a wall is by no means great, and with a little skill in carpentering you can build a very satisfactory one yourself. If it is built against the walls of the house, especially if it is near a chimney, it will retain much of the warmth of the house in winter.

A thermometer should be kept in every greenhouse, in a shaded spot well away from any heating apparatus you may have, and the temperature, unless you have any plants needing special treatment, should be kept somewhere between 40 and 55 degrees in winter.

With this heat you can start seeds and tubers or strike cuttings just as with a hot bed, and an endless number of plants can be grown, including azaleas, begonias, cinerarias, cyclamens, fuchsias, calceolarias, petunias, and a few kinds of orchid. Maidenhair and asparagus ferns should be included, for they are not only beautiful in the greenhouse, but most useful for cutting.

For the small greenhouse a coal fire, with all the trouble of stoking it, and an elaborate installation of hot-water pipes are quite unnecessary.

An oil-lamp will provide all the heat you require, and special oil-heaters with pipes for circulating the heat can be bought at quite a low price from any dealer in garden requisites.

If the space to be heated is a small one, however, all that is necessary is an ordinary oil-lamp standing on the floor. But you must make some arrangement to clear the air of the fumes from the lamp and to keep the air moist.

The best plan is to fix an old biscuit tin upside down above the lamp-chimney and to insert, through a hole made in one corner of the tin, a piece of gas-pipe leading to a hole in the wall of the greenhouse. Plug the crevices with putty and all the fumes will be carried to the outer air through the pipe.

Finally, place a saucer full of water, which will need occasional renewal, on the top of the inverted tin, so that the vapour from it may counteract the dryness of the air.

C. B. STAINER.

SLUM PARSONS.

THEIR SPLENDID FIGHT AGAINST HEAVY ODDS.

Extremes meet, and they seldom meet so often as in the slums and rookeries of a great city. Here, in a vast majority, are all the elements of disorder, dirt, meanness, crime, anarchy, and filth of every sort. Here, also, are to be found some of the finest types of manhood; and of these types you will find again and again that the slum parson is the finest of them all.

When you come to think of it, this is not surprising. It is useless to put a man among such disheartening elements and such depressing surroundings unless he goes into the fight with an absolutely inexhaustible courage, physical and moral, and with an inextinguishable faith in the ultimate triumph of the better side of human nature.

Surrounded by ten thousand of the poorest and most downtrodden and ignorant class, with miles and miles of the dingiest slums stretching away on every hand, to dock and warehouse, factory and sweating den, his outlook is by no means one likely to cheer.

And yet, think of it, there are dozens of slum parsons (and others beside these, of course) who daily and nightly face this slough of despond with an optimism as cheerful as that of the racing man who has just won the Derby and has celebrated it with a champagne luncheon.

Down among the millions in the poverty-stricken mean streets of the slums there are multitudes who will cant and whine about holiness and religion for the sake of the loaves and fishes, blankets and coal, or direct monetary help that they hope to be able to get from the "sky-pilot."

But the slum parson, while as harmless as a dove, is also as wise as a serpent. He knows something of human nature before he has been long in the slums, and he is about as hard a nut to crack from the "sponger's" point of view as any hard-fisted miser.

He has an unfortunate knack (for the "sponge") of being able to distinguish a genuine case of hardship from the other sort, and he is not afraid of showing up the "wrong 'un" that a slum parson is not sent into the slums by a beneficent Providence for the purpose of being bled.

But if the slum parson is, as a rule, as harmless as a dove, that is not to say that he cannot take his own part when the necessity arises. He is above all an exponent of the advocate of muscular Christianity. Neither physical nor moral, nor yet mental flabbiness is tolerated by him.

Many a parson has valued the physical training he gained at school and 'varsity, and this has served him well in times of stress when working in the slums.

He believes in all manly sports, and even in the difficult circumstances of the slums contrives to infuse a vast amount of athletic enthusiasm into the raw material around him.

There is much practice and little preaching about the slum parson who knows his work.

The generosity he shows towards men around him who would not be considered worth troubling about by less optimistic men is unlimited. If it takes him six months to put the right side of a rotter and make him into a decent citizen, the slum parson thinks it well spent.

Not for him are the pleasant ways of the fashionable drawing-room; the gossip with the ladies of the parish over the teacups; the easy, smooth path of the parson with a good income in a model country parish.

He lives, as a rule, in the very midst of his work, with poverty and dirt clustering right up to his very doorsteps, but he wages a gallant fight, and is a man to admire.

M. BRUCE.

A WAYFARER

A SKETCH.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

It was on a solitary road on the top of the downs beyond Coulsdon that I met him one damp day in August. I was cycling: the rain had slackened as I toiled up the winding ascent to White Cap, and as I reached the top the heavy cloud swung up, and in a moment the distances were blurred, the fields veiled in mist, and water jetted up from the road in a myriad of tiny pyramids.

Dismounting, I hastened into the shelter of some trees; and there, leaning his back against the trunk of one of them, was a man, smoking a blackened clay pipe.

At first glance his appearance interested me. Though clad in the conventional garb of civilisation, there was no sign of cunning in his calm, nor of vice in the well-carved lips and clear eyes. Indeed, as our eyes met, the fineness of his features set me wondering. He was tall and spare of body, his hair grey, with a bronzed skin, prominent cheekbones, and sky-blue, steady eyes. At his feet was an old satchel, and in his hand was a stout stick. His feet were well shod.

In silence I filled my pipe and handed him my pouch. In silence he accepted it. And in silence we puffed smoke, and watched the rain splashing on the road. Quite contented, I began to whistle.

"I like that air," he observed gravely. "What's it from, may I ask?"

I had to think. "Elektra," I told him. "Though what part exactly, I clean forget."

"Ah, yes, Strauss." His tone was noticeably well-bred. "Many seem enthusiastic about him. I must go up to town and hear it when it's being performed again."

This was surprising; but one should not betray surprise on the road.

"You like music," I commented.

"It's a great pleasure to me," he answered. "Perhaps the only real pleasure I have now. This way of living was once as keen an enjoyment, but in time it palls. Wet and cold, [illegible] me, play the deuce with aging bones."

I [illegible]

[illegible] may wonder, then, why I continue such a mode of life. But I confess civilisation, such as it is, worries and tires me. Stiff collars, set times and seasons, and all such conventions and restrictions I cannot endure. This is primitive. Many would not care for it, I know. But to me liberty is all."

"You must meet with many curious persons and adventures," I put in.

"There is always the charm of the unexpected. It was greater, of course, in my earlier experience of the life. And," he added, with a smile suggesting the memory of certain incidents, "there is always, too, the pleasure of pitting one's wits against those of others. You will understand, also, that one learns an immense amount of curious facts about the life of the people. I admit I never imagined a little of what I now know about the conditions of apparently ordinary existence. I believe the country would be immeasurably benefited if our statesmen, our religious teachers, and our thinkers were to live in this manner for, say, the space of a year."

"Without money," I suggested.

"Certainly. By the turn of their tongues. That, indeed, is how they make their living at present," he added, with a smile. "They should be greatly successful. Or they might carry a stock of odds and ends to sell. An archbishop become pedlar should surely be able to overcome a villager's suspicion and [illegible]."

"The idea is fascinating," I laughed.

He straightened, and walked out to the middle of the road and looked up.

"The rain has stopped," he said. "Are you going far?"

"Which way are you going?" I asked.

"That," he nodded. "I always have a destination. Aimlessness means misery."

"We'll walk a little way together," I suggested.

Presently I observed: "I take it you lead this sort of life from choice?"

He turned to me with a quiet smile.

"You think it a strange one to choose?"

"Given the temperament, no," I answered. "I'm something of a tramp myself, but the need of a living chains me to the town."

"Once it chained me," he said thoughtfully. "Then one day. . . ." He paused a little while. "One day," he resumed, "I caught the usual train to the City, I sat in the carriage with the usual garrulous acquaintances, I walked to the office on the usual side of the road, crossing at the usual place, and when I got there ——" He laughed. "—— when I got there, I stood outside the door, looking at it. And I thought of several things suddenly, and all in a flash. I was unmarried; there was no one dependent on me. I had entered that door and spent the day within four walls in a stuffy atmosphere for nearly twenty years, simply and solely for the purpose of feeding and clothing my body. And the question came to me quite coldly and distinctly—'Why in the name of God should you do it?' And I could not answer the question. And I [walked on . . ."

We, too, were walking on.

"That is all," he said. "I have never been back, and I don't think I have ever regretted it. It's very little I desire, now that freedom is mine. I only wish to live in the open, to lie in the sun where the earth is warm, and to watch sunset and sunrise come and go, marvelling at their loveliness. That day follows day, so regularly, so unfailingly, is to me a great and wonderful thing. . . .

"I have seen too much of my kind, perhaps. I have experienced too much of the falsity that social life demands of one, and perhaps I have been wrung in other ways.

"Out here there are no passions, nor anything grievous that I can't avoid or get my mind clean of at the next bend of the road. Here's sanity and rest; here's God, the wind and the rain, and joys no woman can give."

"Such are your pleasures," said I.

"Those—and the one we spoke of first. It will amuse you, but now and then, when I get wearied of the music of Nature and the hunger to hear music of another kind overtakes me, I must needs hasten forthwith to London and satisfy myself at the opera or concert-hall. A sister of mine, married and living at Hampstead, takes charge of my dress-suit and things, and it is there I go to rehabilitate myself for the time being. She is a good-hearted woman, and her welcome is always warm. But she is convinced I am mad."

He laughed and turned to me.

"Well, do not delay longer," he urged. "There will presently be another storm. I'm glad to have met you. If you take to the road we'll be sure to meet somewhere, if the Fates don't cut my string."

He held out his hand.

I shook it, smiling into his sky-blue, steady eyes, so bright with unconquerable cheerfulness.

"Good-bye."

"Good luck!"

Looking back when I had ridden a little way, I could discern the tall figure leaning over a fence-rail, gazing into the deep hollow of the hills, a short clay pipe jutting from his lips.

WEEK-END TICKETS.

It is hard to see why railway companies should be so particular in regard to the time during which the return half of a ticket may be used. Even when the return ticket costs exactly double the single, restrictions are made regarding the date on which the validity of the said ticket "issued subject to the companies bye-laws, &c.," expires.

Arguing from a business standpoint, the longer you refrain from using the return half, the greater the amount of interest the company receives on the money you originally laid out.

In connection with week-end tickets there are also points which demand rectifying.

Why should the week-end tickets issued by certain railway companies be available only after 1 p.m. on Saturday? Surely more business would be done if the week-end tickets were available on the Friday evening, as in the case of many companies they are. The man who leaves off his week's work on Friday evening is not going to wait until Saturday afternoon for his trip.

Probably the companies concerned are desirous of forcing as many of their passengers as possible to pay full fare. Some do so, but there are many others who would be attracted by convenient excursions but who refrain from leaving town under present railway conditions.

In their own interests the companies should, instead of catering only for the man who is determined to travel, give a little attention to the man who has not yet developed the week-end habit but who would easily be tempted to do so.

CLEANING THE TEETH.

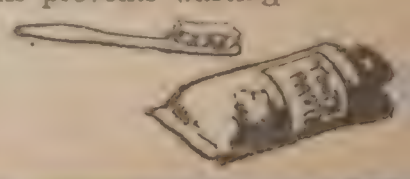
There are all sorts of dentifrices on sale, and one of the best also happens to be one of the cheapest. It is common whiting, and a pennyworth will last for many months.

Put a little on your toothbrush, moisten it, and a moderate amount of rubbing will do the rest.

For those who prefer more elaborate dentifrices, perhaps the best are the various kinds that are put up in tubes.

Regarding these, here is a hint worth knowing.

Don't wet the toothbrush and squeeze the dentifrice over it, but draw the dry toothbrush across the mouth of the tube, which is to be squeezed slightly. This prevents wasting the dentifrice.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY

THE TAILOR of TRITON'S HORSE

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Mounted on the best blood of the Curragh, their metal ornaments shining in the sun of mid-day, I had watched them at their evolutions.

I had listened to their thickly-brogued orders, and had failed to make head or tail of them. But they did it in the Yeomanry style and with a finish to which I was accustomed in the case of the best regiments in the country.

I was a privileged spectator. They never published the venue of their drills, which were usually held on private land where there were boards about that threatened with grievous things the trespasser on the wild ragged acres. But I held a permit duly signed and countersigned. I was the guest of "Triton's Horse."

A friend in England had furnished me with an introduction.

"I shall tell you nothing more about them," he had said. "Go and see for yourself when you're that way."

So here I was—far more bewildered than the civilian spectator of a Territorial battle.

There was, however, one other young man who made up the crowd of which I formed half. I rejoiced, when he addressed me, to find he was English.

"I can see you're in a fog about all this," he said. "This lot don't talk much, and they're a little bashful—except with the ladies. They provide their own horses, their own uniform and their own drill and camping-grounds. Born and bred Ulstermen, they aren't for kow-towing to anything or anybody. They're a funny crew, but——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"These are the men who are going to provide a bit of a proposition for the Home Rulers of Ireland when they get a tin-pot Parliament of their own. . . . It's like this. If 'Triton's Horse' declares war, all Ulster will fight. They are, with one exception, Yeomen in the true sense of the term."

"What's the exception?" I asked.

"The exception's a—a tailor," he laughed.

And I had to laugh, too. Tailors, in my mind, are quite as estimable on horseback as any grade of men; but old precedent dies hard. And the man who rides badly in the hunting-field is ever referred to as "that (adjective) tailor."

At that moment the squadron wheeled by us.

"That's the man—Number Three in this troop nearest us," said my companion. "That's Corporal M'Turk, the tailor."

Under this explicit direction I singled out a little man, insignificant in appearance, and on a horse that would never have won anything for its looks.

"You're right," said the other half of the crowd. "M'Turk's nothing like the hero of the Balaclava type, is he? And as far as that goes the nag isn't a picture worth framing. But he can go all right. . . . He's as strong as a brewer's dray-horse. . . . You note how particularly smart the other chaps are?"

I nodded. They were indeed something magnificent in manliness. They were Tritons, and M'Turk was the minnow amongst them.

"But Number Three is the most popular man in the regiment. (You'll see that after they dismiss.) But I can remember the time when the bar was fairly up against him.

"I was in 'Triton's Horse' before I had to go and earn my right to existence in London. (Now I'm holidaying here.) I was in 'Triton's Horse' when M'Turk joined. It isn't a thing, as a matter of fact, that you can get into right away. For a start, you've to have enough spare pocket money for your uniform, and your horse's keep and your camping time.

"It didn't really matter what business a man was in as long as he could come up to the scratch on those counts. But, like many brave men, they've something of the pride of the peacock in them. They are very jealous of their reputation for sartorial smartness. And I may say that we used to create a bit of a sensation in the feminine dove-cotes, wherever we went. The Inniskillings and the Dublin Fusiliers weren't in it with us. To get back to M'Turk—he was well up to the standard in the matter of the fit of his uniform, and his breeches were cut with that perfect elliptical sweep that is beyond the beauty of the rainbow. But in those days his riding was—well, unpolished we'll say.

"Sheehan, who was our captain, blotted him out of all squadron rides in public on his very first day.

"'Who the deuce is that tailor on that ugly beast?' he called out, when M'Turk made his *début*. 'Whose head cutter is he?'

"Poor M'Turk had been grievously buffeted about, and banged on both knees when, on a re-formation, the wheeling man failed to take enough ground.

"At the finish M'Turk found himself riding side by side with the Captain—utterly out of the line. Whereat the Captain made the observation about the head cutter.

"Well, M'Turk was fairly burning with the injustice of the thing.

"'I'll have ye to know, sir,' he said to the Captain, 'that I'm no one's head cutter.'

"With that he leaned over perilously in his saddle and handed the Captain a card on which was written:

"'ROLL UP IN YOUR MILLIONS AND HAVE YOUR SUITS CUT BY THE MAN WHO HAS TAILORED THE VICEROY—PATRICK M'TURK, THE GREAT TAILOR, OF DUBLIN.'

"You could have pushed the Captain over with an oat-straw. He had called M'Turk a 'tailor' very strictly in the metaphorical sense. If you'd told him that he had a tailor—even a big advertising one—in his regiment, he'd have bet you his horse to nothing that he had not.

"After that the captain took the knock. It disturbed his mental balance a bit, I suppose. A tailor in 'Triton's Horse'!

"Anyway, we saw no more of him until that year's camp, which we held down south at Ballyshacklin.

"Down Ballyshacklin way there was also a regular regiment—we nicknamed 'em 'Slattery's Mounted Foot.' And they were there for the same purpose as we were—namely, their musketry course—but they'd got their lot over and were indulging in other evolutions. Their favourite hobby was philandering with the colleens of Ballyshacklin.

"When we came down there with our magnificently cut breeches we knocked them off their slop-suits right out of it. They had been made at the Command Depot, which barracky place is situated a couple of miles out of Ballyshacklin, and looks like a workhouse that's taken the wrong turning.

"But in the meantime between the time to the Captain's system and camp, M'Turk had come on something wonderful. He picked up the game as quickly as a child picks up wickedness. But, all the same, the chaps hadn't quite got over the connection with the snips. They weren't snobs by any means—but that stuck in their gills.

"It would have been all right, but it came to the ears of little M'Turk, and he was fairly enraged. He told me that he was going to smother the sporting instinct in him and forget it. I told him not to pay any attention to them, but it was no good. Back, he said he was going on the morrow.

"As it happened he couldn't get away back until late, he found, so that he promised me he would ride out with us for the first time in the morning.

"Now, it was strange country to us, and by request of the Captain, 'Slattery's Mounted Foot' kindly provided us with a couple of guides, and we set out. It was a misty, foggy morning. We passed the Depot—the Command Slop-Suit Depot—on the way out, and after that we could see about in a white blanket, faithfully following our guides, who were said to know every inch of the country."

My friend paused.

"They did, by gad!" he went on, with clenched teeth. "They knew enough of it to lead us into a glorious, sticky bog, and carefully keep out of it themselves.

"'What price your fine clothes now?' the last remark they addressed to us. 'Horse.' 'Won't ye look pretty before colleens o' Ballyshacklin!'

"And we said they'd had their Kelly with a capital R.

"Well, for the next half-hour we had the time of it, and you should have seen us when we lined up on the hard ground! Drowned cats in a London sewer weren't in it with us.

"We were as doleful as could be. Absolutely without hope, our one and only job done in completely. It was then ten o'clock and the fog was lifting, so that we had no prospect of riding back through Ballyshacklin amid the hoots of 'Slattery's Mounted Foot.'

"It was then that the dripping M'Turk saluted and stepped out of the ranks.

"'Boys,' he said, 'you've been making your jokes about the tailor of 'Triton's Horse, but dammit,' he says, 'he's the one man who can save ye in this hour of your need.'

"'How? How?' says everyone.

"'Tell 'em, Captain,' he says, 'to go straight to the Command Slop-Suit Depot. And if Patrick M'Turk, the man who has branches all over Ireland, can't cut out of the khaki in possession of the Depot uniforms to fit you all as well as those figurements you at present wear, well, I'll never call himself a great tailor of Dublin. Furthermore, if by the judicious use of the oil those sweated tailors won't slave for me so that your suits shall be finished by—well, his name's not Patrick M'Turk. And if 'Slattery's Mounted Foot' don't get their revenge after all, then never again will Patrick M'Turk disgrace the first man in Ireland by putting on his business card: "Roll up your millions, and have your suits cut by the man who has tailored the Viceroy."

WORSHIP.

A STUDY IN POINTS OF VIEW.

A week of storms had given place in the night to a calm, serene, faintly-golden morning. Not many hours before mankind began to be astir the sky had cleared, and the frost had time only to tinge the more open spaces with whiteness.

The day happened to be Sunday, and the opportunity for appreciating the glory of the country under the wintry sun was therefore greater than usual.

Even the tiny tin-and-weatherboard mission chapel, standing in a tree-sheltered plot a few yards from the road, seemed, from the outside, to have a sort of glow of refreshment. The very dewdrops that dripped from the corrugated iron roof had an unusual sparkle this morning, and the colourless paint of the boards was wet and shining as if it had just enjoyed the early morning dew-bath.

THE CHAPEL.

The chapel had one long window facing the north. No sun ever penetrated its interior during the colder six or seven months of the year. The inside was dark and forbidding.

The sun-worshipper—a mere man, smoking old pipe—glanced in at the open door as he passed on his way to another service of worship.

He saw a threadbare carpet on a small platform, a much-varnished reading-desk, a smoking oil-lamp with a streak of black running up one side of the lamp-glass, and rows of chairs—about thirty—closely packed, but seemingly for the accommodation of the worshippers of the little out-of-the-way hamlet.

The sun-worshipper passed on. Not far, however, for he knew an angle of the wood on the opposite side of the road where he, too, could worship.

In the angle of the woods no cold winds could reach. Two huge trees, felled years ago, but never carried away, made ample accommodation for him. He could, moreover, see the length of the roadway leading to the little dark, forbidding tin-and-weatherboard chapel.

THE CONGREGATION.

Every now and then he could see people coming; a few men, more women, and still more children—not more than twenty, probably in all, though he did not count them.

Every one of them made for the little door in the tin-and-weatherboard chapel, which he could just make out through the thick but hazel spinney that separated him from the road.

They seemed interested in getting into that little door, he thought. They were dressed in the finest of country clothes.

The sun, rising now almost high in the heavens, sent quite a delicious glow into the interior of the woods, and the sun-worshipper looked over and inhaled the rich odour of the silver bark of the tree on which he leaned. It was delicious.

CONTRAST.

He watched the tom-tits incessantly flitting about and down the branches of a standing oak, and he lazily watched the flitting journeys of two handsome jays across the open field.

Now and again he thought he could hear a little half-smothered voice of a man, speaking a little harshly, probably loudly. He seemed to be denouncing, or censuring, or criticising, or exhorting. Then the voice ceased.

In its place rose a thin, wailing chorus, in which children's shrill voices were most prominent. It was a well-known hymn, sung to the slurred and unattractive drag of unlearned singers. The little company in the chapel were—worshipping.

Something they found in that little tin-and-

weatherboard building, with the long window facing the bleak north, had stirred them, and they seemed to be giving vent to such enthusiasm for life as they possessed and could express.

The sun was now at its highest. Midday had arrived. The reviving earth sent up a thousand scents and took on a hundred thousand delicious aspects. The brilliant sun invigorated the solitary man on the fallen tree trunk.

Over many fields the mists grew thicker, but he could see a mile or two distant the one high point of land in the neighbourhood.

UNDER THE OPEN SKY.

In an instant he was on his feet. He would set off to this high hill and there he, too, would worship.

So he grasped his stout ash stick, stuffed his pipe in his pocket, and with lungs filled with the purest air that blows he set off, singing at the top of his voice, across the fields.

Later, standing on the top of the hill, he bared his head, drew deep, deep breaths of the purest air that blows, and thanked God for the sun and the little hills.

He had forgotten the other worshippers. And even if he had not, he was now too far away to see them emerging from the chapel by the little dark door, and shading their eyes from the brilliant sun that never reached that dark and secluded little chapel.

J. B. WESTROP.

THE MATTER EXPLAINED.

"What made that man at the last table leave?" asked the proprietor of the hotel.

"It was this way, sir," said the waiter. "He asked for sausages, and I told him we had not any, but if he would wait a little we would have some ready."

"Well?" said the proprietor.

"Then I went into the kitchen, and accidentally stepped on the dog's tail, and the dog began to howl as if he was being killed, sir, and——"

"I see—I see," interrupted the proprietor.

HIGH-GRADE EMPLOYMENT

is hard to obtain, and many really Capable Men are compelled to occupy unremunerative and uncongenial positions because they cannot get an opportunity of using their Special Abilities to the fullest advantage. Such men will find Hapgoods a source of desirable opportunities. We have large numbers of High-Grade Positions open and want to hear from Ambitious, Capable Men. If you are such a man—write us to-day

HAPGOODS Ltd., 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

THE GOOD RIFLE-SHOT.

SOME OF HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

It is, or perhaps I can more safely say, should be, the natural ambition of every good British subject to become a good rifle-shot. While, of course it is as difficult in rifle-shooting as in everything else to gain the top of the ladder, it is by no means a very arduous task to win such proficiency as will make one useful to one's country.

The characteristics of a good rifle-shot may be briefly stated to be good eyesight, steadiness of nerve, patience, quickness of perception, and intelligence.

Such virtues the born shot will possess in profusion, and we need deal no further with this lucky individual, except to envy him his good fortune.

Those, however, who are less well-endowed by Nature need never fear but that they may become useful marksmen so long as they start with correct eyesight.

This does not necessarily mean good eyesight, but it does mean the power of aiming aright. Most people are quite normal in this respect, and these may be taught; but there are a few people in this world to whom it will always be impossible correctly to align the sights of a rifle.

The other essentials of the rifleman can be almost entirely gained by care and painstaking, though, of course, it is all the better if there is some material present upon which to work. As in most other pursuits, the secret of success is practice; in rifle-shooting more than in anything else practice tends to make perfect. Practice alone can give that gentle squeeze of the trigger which ensures the perfect "let-off"; practice alone can correct and regulate the breathing so as to ensure the steadiness of the rifle; practice, again, will teach all the vagaries of the weather, the precaution to be taken in rain or bright sunlight, the various allowances to be made for the wind in its divers moods and directions.

A very great deal of all this may be learned on the miniature range.

It is my privilege to see the small range and the big range working side by side each year, and I gladly pay a very handsome tribute to the former, as not merely a nursery, but also a training ground for the expert shot.

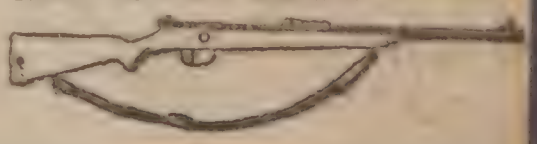
Frankly, I believe it to be infinitely easier to make good scores on a full-sized range with aperture sights than to be equally successful on the miniature range with open sights. A man may learn everything there is to be known about steadiness and "let-off" by practising on a twenty-five yards range; he may school his nerves and temper there, he may be submitted to many changes of light, and he must learn the most important thing of all, correctness and similarity of aim.

I am perfectly convinced that a company of men, all of whom were first-class shots on a small range, would be a very valuable asset in war-time from a shooting point of view, even if they had Service rifles put into their hands for the first time on the day of battle.

Do not let me, in saying this, detract from the value of shooting at long ranges; that, of course, is always best, and the true effect of wind upon the bullet can only so be learned, but alas! our full-sized ranges are few and far between, and shooting is an expensive amusement with the Service rifle.

It is, however, cheap and good with the small rifle; it is a most interesting pastime, and, more than that, a valuable training towards active patriotism. Especially those who, like most Territorials, only have limited chances of firing on a big range will find their shooting improved a hundred-fold by constant practice at the short distances.

ALAN R. HAIG BROWN.



SOME POKER HINTS.

THE SECRET OF "BLUFFING."

While poker does not give the same opportunities for play that whist does; because there are no tricks to be taken, it nevertheless is by no means merely a game of luck. There is room for science and strategy in drawing to complete your hand, and the novice often makes serious mistakes in the draw.

For example, the beginner who thinks he understands the game, but doesn't, will often when holding a pair and three useless cards discard only two of the latter. He does this with the idea of making the other players think that he holds three of a kind, but it is rank bad play.

"Threes" is not a particularly good hand, and it is quite likely that some other player will hold "threes," in which case the bluffer is certain to be "seen."

In drawing two cards instead of three he decreases his chance of getting "threes," a "full house" or "fours," and therefore he needlessly increases his chance of defeat. Holding only a pair, it is best as a rule to draw three cards.

Then, holding two pairs, the beginner often "stands pat" (declines to draw any cards), hoping to make the other players believe that he has a "straight," "flush," "full house," or "straight flush."

Here again the strategy is bad. If there is a straight or better hand out against him he is certain to be called when his two pairs must be defeated.

Holding two pairs, you should, as a general rule, draw one card in the hope of getting a "full house."

If you don't succeed you may by bold bluffing convince the others that you have a "full" or "fours," and frighten away players with two pairs, possibly better than yours, or even "threes."

If you are so very fortunate as to have "fours" dealt you, draw one card.

Some players, I know, prefer to "stand pat." The idea is that the others will think that you have a straight or a flush or at most a "full," and that any other player also holding a "full" or "fours" will be prepared to bet till Doomsday.

There is something in that, but if you draw one card to "fours" you leave the adversary in great doubt as to what you may have, and to keep your opponents "guessing" is the essence of good poker play.

When you bring off a successful "bluff" never show your cards—you are not obliged to, you know. If you get a reputation for bluffing you are going to be called every time, and this will be fatal unless you have extraordinary luck.

Always watch carefully what the other players draw, for your own draw and play may be thereby modified. Let us say, for example, that there are five players and that you are a dealer, which means that you take cards last of all.

The other four men each take three cards, which means that at most they start with only a pair. You pick up your hand and find absolutely nothing in it. Now, here is a good opportunity of bluffing. You "stand pat," and unless the other players have materially improved their hands it is quite likely that they will all throw down, thinking you have a straight or a flush, and you scoop the pool.

On the other hand, if you noticed that one man took two cards, another only one, and a third none at all, then you would be wise to "chuck," leaving them to fight it out.

If it is your first bet and you have a poor hand, you should "chuck" as a rule, for betting first you are almost certain to be called or "raised."

A. BOLDERSTONE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE SUCCESS OF A SCHEME.

You will recollect how I have been reminding you every week for some time past of my exceptional offer in regard to shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd. The wisdom of this scheme was criticised adversely by some of my financial friends, but the proof of the merit of it lies in the result.

For some weeks past, every issue of THE MODERN MAN has been entirely sold out. We have printed more and more each week, but in spite of this additional printing the result has been the same—namely, that we have not been able to supply all the orders that have been sent to us.

I am printing more of this week's issue than I have ever done. This week, also, THE MODERN MAN receives more revenue from advertisements than it has done in any previous week during the whole existence of the paper.

These results have been obtained by means of my scheme. My new partners have interested themselves very personally in the business. They have given me many valuable suggestions, they have introduced the paper to many new readers, and they have brought their influence to bear upon several large advertising firms.

WHAT NEW IDEAS ACCOMPLISH

I knew very little about finance till I made this business into a Limited Liability Company, but since that time I have learned a good deal.

Just as it has been my policy with regard to literary matter to break away entirely from the type of stories and articles used by other weekly papers, so it has been my financial policy to be different from the usual, and I have found equal success in both respects.

In giving away a section of my own Deferred Shares in order to ensure that all the capital of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., shall be subscribed, I have not only strengthened the Company with added capital, but I have also gathered round me a large number of partners who are interested in the highest degree in the success of this business, because, apart from the 7 per cent. attaching to their Cumulative Ordinary Shares, they now have the additional interest of furthering the progress of the paper, in order to secure the best possible return on the Deferred Shares which I am giving to them.

AN INVITATION.

The success of my scheme has been so great that I am determined to carry it right through, and I am going to bring this matter to your notice until the last pound of capital in this Company has been subscribed.

Again I print, for your convenience, on page 23 an application form for shares, and again I remind you of the fact that both the Cumulative Ordinary Shares and the Deferred Shares which I am giving away are fully-paid, and there is no further liability whatsoever on your part.

If you apply for ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares you forward £1 with your application, and I present you at once, and free of all charge, with one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares.

If you decide to invest a larger sum I present you with a further number of Deferred Shares, pound's-worth for pound's-worth.

For those who have money to invest, the opportunity, in my opinion, is one of the best that has ever been offered.

HELP FROM READERS.

There are many readers who are not in a financial position to become shareholders in this Company, but who have furthered our interests by introducing the paper to new readers, and by persuading their newsagents to [illegible] the poster regularly.

If you support the lines upon which this paper is run, if you are an advocate of [illegible] fellowship and good sportsmanship, I ask you to do what you can to help our movement. You can assist us by mentioning the paper to someone who has not come across it, and showing him a copy.

Officials in athletic clubs have, on many occasions, been most useful to us, and to such I shall be happy to forward a parcel of specimen copies, entirely free of all charge and carriage paid, if they will guarantee to distribute them amongst the members of their clubs.

The same offer applies to managers of factories, and to others who have an opportunity of distributing specimen copies to advantage.

FRIENDS.

One of the chief pleasures of my work is the fact that I have drawn round me a circle of friends belonging to all classes of society.

Of course you know the reason. It is simply owing to the fact that by starting a paper I gave, for the first time, voice to that healthy masculinity which has been from the outset our keynote.

Gentlemen of title, doctors, clergymen, politicians, railway porters, grooms, and all other classes of men have rallied round me. They have honoured me with personal correspondence, and as a result of that, as well as a result of what is said in the paper, we have become firm friends.

MEN ON THE STAGE.

I am glad to say that in theatrical and music-hall circles I have a very large number of supporters, although we have scarcely dealt in the paper with theatrical matters.

I recently received a very kind letter from Mr. Will L. Clement, stage-manager of the Borough Theatre, Stratford, London, E. He is one of our League members, and also a shareholder, and he wrote asking me that during the run of the pantomime, I would pay him a visit. He promised me a very hearty welcome from himself and the company, and one evening I went there.

I was glad to find that all the men behind pals of the company were readers of the paper, and that many of the ladies also took very keen interest in it.

It would be impossible for me to give any idea of the great kindness and hospitality which the entire company showed me. When the performance was over, the members entertained me to a little picnic, and the evening was one of the most pleasant I have ever spent.

It appeared that on the following Friday the company was to have a dance to celebrate the termination of the pantomime. The dance was to commence half-an-hour after the show night, and they pressed me most strongly to attend.

"I'll keep a dance for you," said the principal girl, and the principal boy, and the charming young lady, assured me that they would keep two.

I could not accept until I had consulted my secretary, to see what engagements I had made for the following week, and, on doing so, I found that that Friday evening had been booked for an important business interview.

One often has to deny oneself for the sake of business, but the glimpse I had already had of these players was sufficient to show me how innocent and pleasant is the whole life behind the scenes to-day.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

NAMING THE PUP.

"What a dear, dear, little doggie," said an Ardent Suffragette, as she examined the fox terrier puppy. "And I can see she likes to have her own way! Please call her Mrs. Pankhurst."

"Well, you know," said the young man who owned the puppy, "I don't quite know that would be possible. You see, it's this way—er—you know. I'd do it to oblige you if you like—look here, I'll call him Mr. Pankhurst if you like."

CONVINCING.

"I can never understand," said the very young man, "why a man's wife should be often spoken of as his better half."

"You would," said the man of experience, "if you had to divide your salary with one."

HIS WISH.

It was all very romantic. There was the conservatory, the waving palms, the dreamy music, and all the rest of it. (For fuller description see this week's instalment of the serial story in any of the Harmsworth papers.) "My darling," she said, as she enfolded him in her ardent embrace, "I trust you—trust you in everything."

"Dearest," he replied, "I wish you were a landlady."

NOT QUITE LIKELY.

"Mr. Blank in?" asked the visitor.

The office-boy tilted his chair a little further back, made his feet comfortable on the desk, and adjusted his cigarette.

"Is he in?" the visitor repeated.

The office-boy removed his cigarette.

"Now, guv'nor," he remarked placidly, "you've seen me. Does it *look* as if he was in?"

EXPERIENCE.

"You (beautiful) ass!" said the sergeant-major, as he watched the new recruit drawing the back of his curry-comb over his horse's tail. "I thought you knew somethin' about groomin'. Where did you learn that?"

"When I was with the Royal Welsh," replied the new recruit unabashed.

"But they ain't a mounted unit!" said the sergeant-major.

"I know they're not, 'Major," replied the recruit, "but it was my job to groom the goat."

A NEW TOBACCO.

Cigarette lovers would do well to sample Nyasa tobacco in this form. Nyasa is the new tobacco grown in Nyasaland.

It is quite distinctive, having just that touch of Turkey aromatic flavour that is peculiarly pleasing. Nyasa must not be confused with Boer or other African tobacco; it is something quite different, and, although a luxury in smokes, is inexpensive.

Nyasa is made solely by Messrs. R. and J. Hill, of London. The pipe tobacco can be had loose, in 1oz. packets, or in cartridge packets of 14, for those who prefer it.

CONJURING.

Try us for latest, easiest and cheapest Magical Wonders. &c. Very entertaining and illustrated catalogue, 1d.; also Coronation Medals and Badges, &c.—Vandy (M. De, t.), 103, Strand, London.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,
At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s,
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge...	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westminster Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Please cross out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

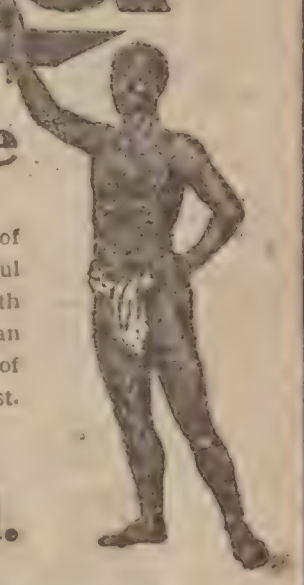
Address.....

.....

The League Badge Actual size.

A Tobacco Discovery

HILL'S Nyasa Smoking Mixture



Unlike all other tobacco—possesses an individuality of its own. To British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths, yet at a moderate price. A cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it To-day. You will be delighted

Price 5d. per oz. Cartridges, 5½d.

NYASA MIXTURE can also be obtained extra coarse cut, "Scotch Blend," at the same price.

NYASA CIGARETTES. 10 for 3d.

If you are unable to obtain Hill's "NYASA" send a postcard to the sole makers, **R. & J. HILL, Ltd., 175, Shoreditch, E.**, who will supply List of Agents and Free Testing Samples if desired.

S. & P.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CORRECT BREATHING.

Nothing is so important to the keeping of the body in health and to its development as correct breathing.

The great essential is that the breathing should be diaphragmatic—that is to say, that the muscles of the abdomen, sides, and back must all be gently exercised.

So-called abdominal breathing, which involves the movement only of the lower walls of the abdomen, is most harmful.

A good exercise for the securing of correct abdominal breathing is to lie flat on your back on the floor, and to place a heavy book or other object just below the pit of the stomach.

Then breathe deeply enough to raise the object while the upper part of the chest remains immovable. It may take a little practice to get the chest in the right position, but it is well worth the trouble.

Deep breathing in the open air is the best blood-purifier possible. When you inhale, the heart contracts and forces out the blood, and when you exhale it expands and receives the blood.

A FINE EXPANDING EXERCISE FOR THE BODY.

Only the fingers must touch the wall.

This exercise should be practised in conjunction with, or as an antidote to, the forward-bending exercise given on this page.

Stand at one pace from a clear wall, with your back to it.

Plant the feet well apart, and extend the arms vertically above the head.

Now bend backwards from the waist until the fingers touch the wall.

The legs must still support the body and maintain the balance, although the hands will help to steady the body. But the head must be kept clear of the wall.

Practise this motion slowly several times, returning each time to the upright position but not dropping the arms.

When you have learnt to keep the balance without any difficulty, bend backwards again and remain with the hands touching the wall, while you rise on tip-toe and drop again on the heels several times.

This will necessitate a still further hollowing of the back, if it is done without shifting the position of the fingers on the wall.

The back muscles will be contracted and developed by this exercise, while those of the abdomen will also profit, and the rising on tip-toe will benefit the leg-muscles as well as those of the body.

FOR THE BACK MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the feet well separated and the toes turned out.

Place the tips of the fingers at the back of the head, keeping the head up and the chest thrown out.

Now bend forward from the hips as far as you can without letting the back go or the head come forward.

Pause a moment in this position and then rise slowly to the perpendicular.

The exercise is an extremely simple one, but is a great one for developing and suppling the back muscles, provided that the knees are not bent and that the head is kept up.

Keep the legs motionless.

To keep the knees unbent and the back hollowed will involve some strain on the muscles at the back of the thighs, but it is worth doing if you want to get the full benefit of the movement.

SPECIAL EXERCISES.

I am continually receiving letters from regular readers who want information on various points.

These queries I answer, to the best of my ability, either in the paper, or, through the Editor, by post.

I am always glad to hear from readers who want special exercises to remedy physical defects or to develop special muscles, and if these are likely to be of general interest I shall include them on this page.

Boxing, Ju-jitsu, Wrestling, Weight-Lifting,

and exercises for health, strength, and development taught privately, in classes, and Junior Sporting Club. Very moderate terms. Tuition by post a speciality. Pair Boxing Gloves and postal lessons, 10s. Sweaters (wool) from 3s. 6d. Punch Balls from 6s. 3d. Other sporting outfits, &c., at equally low prices. Illustrated Book on Ju-jitsu and particulars for two penny stamps from

VERNON SMITH (Instructor Volunteers), adjoining BUSH HOTEL, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, LONDON, W.

STILL ON TOP!

INCH—BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN

My Health Section is regarded by myself as [illegible] important feature of my organisation in connection Teaching Physical Culture by Post.

In the words of Carlyle, "**There is no achievement the world that is equal to perfect health.**"

You would do well to turn to the Inch System now realisation of your ambitions regarding health and m

I am prepared to guarantee to eradicate any defect such as rounded shoulders, flat chest, stunted growth (provided you are under 22), or will ailments such as indigestion, constipation, obesity heart, shortness of breath, lack of energy, nerve etc., etc.

The first step to take is to write at once for my "**Health at Home,**" which I will send by return, stating terms for treatment, which are extremely moderate

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Free booklet, "**Be a Physical Culture Expert,**" cation by those desiring to adopt the profession of Culture.

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Free booklet, "Inch's Wrestling Course," will be application by those anxious to improve at Wrestling.

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Free booklet, "Health, Strength, and Beauty for will be sent on application by lady readers.

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Free booklet, "A Quick Route to Strength," will be application to anyone desiring great strength ment.

ONLY ONE BOOKLET WILL BE SENT EACH APPLICANT.

Mail a Card now to—

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.), Munster
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Out of the rain into a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of
COLMAN'S MUSTARD

G.H.B.

THE MODERN PHYSICIAN.

By DR. ANDREW WILSON.

readers seem to realise that they can always depend on the doctor. Few appreciate the fact that they owe a duty to themselves to know something about medicine. In every household there are times when a little medical knowledge would enable a threatening illness to be nipped in the bud, would prevent a chill from developing into severe influenza, or perhaps a cut from a broken piece of glass from developing into blood poisoning. What would you do, for instance, for any of the following accidents, if the doctor was out of reach? In some of them a couple of hours' delay might make all the difference. For instance, what would you do for

Poisoning? Lead Poisoning?
Broken? Lightning Stroke?
Bleeding from Lungs? Nitric Acid Poisoning?
Poisoning? Nutmeg Poisoning?
Poisoning by Matches?
Public Poisoning? Poisoning by Turpentine?
Bite Mad? Scalds?
Accidents? Strains?
Injuries? Suffocation?
Fracture of Leg or of Ribs? Sunstroke?
Wounds?

It is for reasons like these that you have a duty to learn something about medicine. Every reader who does realise this duty will be glad to learn of Dr. Andrew Wilson's valuable book, the "Modern Physician," which gives in a readily understandable form just the information that can be so valuable, as a means of keeping in health and for the sake of emergencies such as those above. There are articles on the choice of foods and clothing, on air, exercise, sleep, and many other subjects of vital importance to the preservation of health, including invaluable advice on first aid in every possible emergency.

THE HEALTH OF WOMEN.

A complete volume is devoted to the health of women and children. This heading is of great advantage to any mother of a family in maintaining her own and her children's health. Midwifery and the diseases of infancy and childhood are all covered fully. Other sections are for Home-Nursing, invalid cookery, the family medicine chest (including full details of homœopathic chemists and doses), while there is also a long chapter of physicians' prescriptions.

ERNEST P. LUCE, 15, Mount Pleasant, Wakefield :—

"My friends and I esteem it a remarkably accurate book of medicine for lay use. We have found it correct in all its facts and statements, and shall have no hesitation whatever in highly recommending it as a valuable possession to every family."

A FREE BOOK.

The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, your illustrated booklet on the "Modern Physician," and particulars of your plan whereby the volumes are delivered for first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being in small monthly payments.

.....

(Send this form or a postcard.)

.....

What Do You Know About Business?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

To the thoughtless, the easygoing, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer, in an off-handed sort of way:

"Why, I am *in* Business—I am a Business man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub! He *ought to do*. But does he?

Let me put the same question to you.

How much do *you* know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception, you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet, without this Business knowledge, your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Posit on You Cannot Aspire To.

Now, what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business, or calling? Do you understand the manufacturing of the goods you are concerned with or that the firm that employs you is concerned with? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Do you know anything about big selling schemes? How to create a demand for any special article? How to meet competition? Do you understand the mail order business? Or how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now what are you to do?

You must get the "Business Encyclopædia." You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. If you are young the use of the "Business Encyclopædia" makes you proficient in

The Knowledge That is Your Stock-in-Trade.

If you are older, its use gives you the confidence founded on sound information, to enable you to act on your own business ideas.

It contains hundreds of business articles written by the most successful Business men of the day. Amongst these are: Richard Burbidge (Managing Director Harrod's Stores), John Cansfield (Managing-Director Lipton, Ltd.), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), A. W. Gamage, John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the "Daily Mail").

The "Business Encyclopædia" deals with nothing but business, but it treats of this important subject fully and completely and authoritatively.

TWO OPINIONS.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR:

"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure they will be found necessary in every commercial house. Now that we see the Encyclopædia the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

Mr. L. C. HORSLEY, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:

"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

We have prepared a handsomely illustrated Book, which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "Business Encyclopædia" is to your success. It gives the names of hundreds of Business articles written by the most successful business men of the day. And it will tell you how to obtain this work for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

The Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
52, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name .....

(Send this form or a postcard)

Address .....

.....

HINTS TO CLERKS

A FEW PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MAN WHO DEALS WITH FIGURES.

If it were possible to take a census of the readers of THE MODERN MAN, probably a very large percentage would enter their occupation as "Clerk." By education, employment, and environment, standing, as they do, between master and man—capital and labour—the men of this great class are exceptionally well qualified for appreciating a high-class practical and business-like paper which appeals to them both as business men and sportsmen.

As an accountant-clerk of long and varied experience, I should like to offer a few suggestions to fellow-readers who are engaged in clerical pursuits.

Don't forget that "the object of writing is that it may be read," and that this truism is as applicable to numerical as to alphabetical signs. Yet I have had to overhaul the books of men of undoubted capacity, and of experience as extensive, if not as varied as my own, with whose figures it was necessary to become familiar before I could with rapidity and accuracy check the "tot" of which they formed a part.

AVOIDING ERRORS.

Next to badly *formed* are badly *placed* figures. Obviously units should be under units, tens under tens and so on. Unfortunately this is far from being always the case, as I have found out to my disadvantage and annoyance.

Never try to remedy an error by altering the incorrect figures, or by writing the correct ones on the top of them. *You* know, at the time, what the alteration implies, but it by no means follows that another person will; and when the ink is dry, and the incident has faded from your memory, you will probably be yourself embarrassed if suddenly called upon to decipher it without hesitation or uncertainty. Rule out the wrong figures, and insert the correct ones neatly above them.

POSTING.

When making a preliminary "tot" in pencil, place your figures below—not upon—the line; and in carrying it forward to the top of the next page, put them *well above* the line. It is very desirable that the pencilled figures should remain readable until the checking is completed; they can then be cleaned away without defacing or rendering doubtful the inked-in figures.

In posting, don't forget the year-date. There is not much fear of this during the first month or two of a New Year, but later on, in an account showing long intervals between occasional transactions, it may not be borne in mind, and I have known difficulty and delay occasioned by such an omission when getting out a "trial-balance."

When a posting consists of only the date and folio, use a small cipher (o) in place of a tick, when checking, so that if any figures be afterwards inserted in the £ s. d. columns, you will be exonerated from blame. In checking interlined or altered figures, make a wavy addition at right angles with the top of your tick, to indicate that the alteration was made prior to the check and duly noted.

It often occurs in a ledger account that one item on the debit side equals several on the credit side—and *vice versa*. In such a case, obviously, a total has to be made on the side upon which several items appear, but some ledger clerks are content to rule double lines under the single item.

That is not sufficient. The amount of the single item should also be brought down, as a total, to a line on a level with the total on the other side, otherwise the amount, whatever it may be, will appear twice on one side and only once on the other.

SELF-CONFIDENCE NECESSARY.

Diagonal rulings across blank spaces, apart from any question of utility, add tone and finish to the page.

Cultivate confidence. Never permit yourself to doubt the accuracy of what you have done.

Some years ago an intimate friend of mine obtained the position of dispenser at one of Birmingham's principal hospitals.

All went well for a time, until he developed a morbid tendency to suspect himself of having put wrong ingredients or wrong quantities into the prescriptions he made up. He emptied bottleful after bottleful away, and matters must soon have come to a crisis.

At last I succeeded in inducing him to have confidence in himself, take reasonable [illegible] and refuse to doubt the result. He pulled himself together, resolving not to [illegible] the possibility of doubt in future. He [illegible] no more physic down the dispensary sink, made no mistakes, or, if he did, he poisoned no one; no one appeared to be any the worse, and certainly no one was any the wiser. The moral is obvious.

Another thing worth cultivating is memory. Keep a notebook, however, and don't [illegible] to use it. An employer once said to me: "A book-keeper has no d——d business with a memory." That was a gross exaggeration, but there was a substratum of truth beneath it.

BLACK AND WHITE v. MEMORY.

A good memory is a great advantage to anyone, and will amply repay the means taken to cultivate it. Forward orders, [illegible] travelling engagements, expected calls, and so on, should not be left to memory, but properly recorded in a diary.

What business man in his senses would dream of trusting to memory for the [illegible] amounts of bills, payable or receivable?

Cultivate your memory for all it is worth, but keep a written record of all important transactions and engagements. All memories are fallible, and even if one could be discovered free from the common liability, such a too rigid reliance upon it would, in the event of the sudden demise of its possessor, plunge his affairs into inextricable confusion, and consign his successors to despair!

T. Jo[illegible]

Bad Habits Conquered

IF you are a slave to any bad habit that is ruining your health, character and ability to get ahead, write me confidentially for information. I refer to craving for **Alcoholic Drinks** of any kind, for **Cigarettes** or any other form of **Tobacco** using, for **Drugs,** including Cocaine, **Morphine,** Paregoric, **Opium,** Cough Mixtures, Sal-Volatile, Laudanum, etc.

Most bad habits can be permanently **conquered in 72 hours** without loss of time or discomfort. **Wonderful success,** perfectly safe, **guaranteed,** indorsed by physicians, legions of testimonials. Mention what habit you desire to overcome and whether it is in yourself or another. Address

EDWARD J. WOODS,
10 Norfolk Street (395A) Strand, W.C.

GIVING AWAY ADDRESSES

A CASE IN WHICH ONE CAN BE OBLIGING.

The first impulse a man has, at times, is to place at the disposal of [illegible] such knowledge as he has. Human being at bottom sound and generous is ever willing to help a stranger.

But there are bits of information that concern not only the man himself, but his [illegible] or friends; and this information should be given cautiously, if at all. Another involved in the transaction.

An instance of this kind occurs often. A stranger, or a partial stranger, [illegible] along and says: "By the way, what is [illegible] address?"

Your first impulse is to say that [illegible] at 1,000 City Lane, City, S.W., or [illegible] it may happen to be. But it is not advisable thus to give away your friend's address to strangers.

How do you know that that stranger will not get into a taxi, call on your friend and shoot him?

This is not the only sort of harm that may be done, as any man of the world will understand.

No man need be ashamed of [illegible] but it is not a friend's part to tell Tom and Harry what it is.

Tom, Dick and Harry, for instance, may be bores whom your friend has dodged with difficulty for years, and if you put them on the track, he will receive a most unwelcome visit for which you will be blamed, and he will be unable to shake them off again.

In many offices the names and [illegible] of the staff are posted up in a [illegible] position. Where this is done it is [illegible] most invariably stated that the list is for [illegible] use only, and is not to be used as a [illegible] public directory.

The best way to avoid this addressing difficulty is to offer to forward any communication that may be addressed to the [illegible] question.

In this way your friend will [illegible] stranger's communication, and no harm can be done. What happens afterwards is [illegible] your hands.

THE NATURAL MAN.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

hold fast to the theory that the natural whether he knows it or not, whether likes it or not, has his feelings controlled, at least, regulated for him by influences which he never dreams and seldom thinks, of which for the most part he is unaware. life in big towns has destroyed his consciousness of these influences and has partly obstructed their effects; but his experiences big towns have been so short, so momencompared with the ages he spent in a more open, and wilder life, that it will ly be a long time yet before he is quite rid out of his old ways and purged of old instincts.

When the greatest cities were tiny colrows of wattled mud or turf huts, such once on a time were scattered over the ose elevations of shelterless Salisbury Plain many of you Territorial chaps will remember the sort of far-away spot I mean—ere's time-table of life was the sun and the

Then there was no "season," all seasons the hard-hunting Briton were "the season," one dress served him for morning, afterevening, night, and uniform.

He had few fires and no armchairs, and frequently was keen on the sun and a soft bank. He had no grocers' or butchers' to which he could send his young hopeful for the tea and coffee and bacon, and so he to be a skilful hunter or he would have survived, and his descendants would now be manning Dreadnoughts or riding ands, or working ten hours a day in the atmosphere of an office and still be ready a twenty-mile cycle ride when the day's was done.

could go on enumerating the things did or did not, but it is unnecessary. What wish to realise and insist on is that he and were very close companions, not always complete agreement, perhaps; but understanding one another with an acute intuition perception that not even a thousand or thousand years of "improvements" have able to eradicate.

which brings me back again to the point which I started. The natural man of day is almost as completely moved by e's seasons and appearances as was his ancestor, and at no time does he show a ready reaction to these influences as now, in the depth of winter.

leave the poets to whine about spring most of us have a word to say about the of the bitter weather, because then the to keep our end up is so much more and weather becomes a force to be with.

When the frost grips every living shred having pinched its life out, drops it in death; and when the drip, drip, of ulating mists drop melancholy down all day long, then it is that a man may have excuse for feeling that he has not quite the heart of things.

feels that he has no part in all this tion and wonders whether perhaps his is not after all a misplaced affection. It to the open air, the hills and the critical time for him, and when the fury struction and the savage crumpling up of was once so dear to him continues for many he is liable to become estranged.

can never be lukewarm towards Either he is for or against the If he is uncertain, the elements will drive, and perhaps ultimately cow him submission.

this is hardly man's way. If he faces error, he will make of it an ally and be to its secrets, sharing its fierce in strenuous action. H. JORDAN.

NASAL CATARRH AND OTHER BREATHING TROUBLES.

Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, &c.

ARE THEY CURABLE?

A MAGISTRATE'S TESTIMONY.

Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., J.P., *ex-Mayor of Gateshead, Magistrate of Gateshead, and of the County of Kent, Chairman and founder of the great cement firm of Johnson and Co., of Gateshead, Cliffe, and Greenhithe, world-famed as inventor of Portland cement, on January 28, 1911, was 100 years of age. He wrote on January 15, 1910, to* Mr. R. T. Booth :—

I. C. Johnson, J.P., 100 years old Jan. 28, 1911.

"I want to put it on general record that after careful and comparative trials and tests with other articles and treatments, that I know and unhesitatingly pronounce Mr. R. T. Booth's Hyomei and the Hyomei Treatment to be the most rational and efficient treatment at present known to me for the cure of such breathing troubles as coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, asthma, and, indeed, most troubles of the nose, throat, and lungs. In my own person and experience I have never found anything to equal Hyomei for the above troubles, and for sufferers from any of these troubles, and for aged people who feel the need of something to help their weak lungs, to protect them from the rigours of the winter season, and to make their feeble breathing easier, I say unhesitatingly, get at once your supply of Hyomei and never be without it—a 'pocket outfit' for the day—and if you can afford it—an 'Exhaler' such as I used of a night so long as was necessary. I am so grateful for what Hyomei has been and is to me that no trouble is too great for me to take to make Hyomei and its wonderful merits known to every sufferer. Hardly a day goes by but what—either personally or by letter—I show and recommend it to some of my friends, and I enjoy the pleasure of knowing that I have the gratitude of dozens to whom I have already made it known. Mr. Booth, in his 'Blue Ribbon Army' days, conferred blessings on hundreds of thousands of homes, and out of his very trouble (the catarrh and lung trouble that cut his great work short) has now been allowed to give to the world another blessing of inestimable value in his Hyomei Breathing Cure. I consider it a privilege and a duty to help spread the knowledge of so splendid a remedy and discovery.

(Signed) "I. C. JOHNSON, J.P."

THIS MINISTER SPEAKS OUT.

Rev. W. J. Jobling, 109, *Brockley Rise, Forest Hill, S.E., on December 22, 1909,* wrote to Mr. Booth :

Rev. W. J. Jobling.

"I write to thank you for the Hyomei outfit received last Friday. This is the least one can do. I am most grateful for it. Already my catarrh is practically cured, although my duties have made it necessary for me to go about quite as usual.

"From a sense of duty to one's neighbours I shall be bound to recommend this simple but splendid remedy to my friends. And the same sense of duty would compel me to send you a substantial cheque were I better off as regards money. Please send two more outfits (payment enclosed). With many thanks, from yours gratefully,

"(Rev.) W. J. JOBLING."

Mr. R. T. BOOTH'S MESSAGE.

Mr. R. T. Booth *is the world-famed temperance orator who some time ago, in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germicide, cures by just breathing it.*

R. T. Booth, founder of Blue Ribbon Army.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomei," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Catarrhal Deafness, Influenza, Throat Troubles, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Head Cold, Shortness of Breath, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Consumption, including, in fact, all Respiratory Troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the Booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it, but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but go at once to their chemist, who either has the Hyomei Outfit already in stock, or can get it for you by return—or if they experience the least difficulty or delay, post at once, with coupon below, P.O. or stamps for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

.....

To Mr. R. T. Booth,
290, Roycroft House,
96, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomei Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomei Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomei Treatment.

Name .....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

IMPORTANT NOTE :—

You are invited to write a separate letter to me, giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same.

(Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

£460,660

Paid to Clients by the

NATIONAL

Share Exchange

Below we give a List of a Few Cheques taken at random which have been paid since last issue.

Initials.	£	s.	d.	Initials.	£	s.	d.	Initials.	£	s.	d.	Initials.	£	s.	d.
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TMS	12	10	0	JPN	10	10	0	RS	24	0	0	ACC	9	15	0
JK	13	17	6	RM	25	0	0	AFC	10	16	3	AJM	69	15	0
GTG	19	7	6	GT	9	19	0	SQ	52	15	0	AG	60	5	0
ARW	62	0	0	JC	30	0	0	CO	66	15	0	PK	12	0	0
FG	51	0	0	JA	12	0	0	CWM	17	0	0	SC	21	0	0
JAD	38	15	0	HRH	17	7	6	AVT	13	0	0	JM	15	0	0
CP	27	0	0	JAW	32	0	0	WGC	12	0	0	WWW	14	0	0
CHD	61	0	0	JAD	18	10	0	TB	13	5	0	ML	15	0	0
RSB	25	10	0	AD	32	0	0	JS	99	3	9	JPH	10	10	0
Mrs.LA	32	15	0	AP	28	0	0	CL	18	0	0	AV	20	0	0
FRC	25	10	0	TWWB	13	11	0	FEG	33	0	0	EH	30	0	0
HS	18	0	0	ARW	37	10	0	EWF	9	12	6	SMM	13	17	6
CEI	15	7	6	JJW	14	15	0	Rev. JC	17	5	0	WGS	18	0	0
AEW	22	19	0	GCC	19	9	0	AGC	53	5	0	JJW	19	0	0
SJ	23	15	0	WF	54	4	6	ER	28	12	0	GT	21	10	0
CLL	20	6	0	JHW	11	5	6	WA	10	0	0	WC	126	0	0
RY	40	15	0	WRMC	13	2	6	WD	17	10	0	SMC	14	10	0
AHF	55	0	0	AEB	61	15	0	RB	10	0	0	GTC	49	0	0
FHW	138	16	6	Mrs.SM	12	5	0	JHH	10	15	0	FWP	11	10	0
CaptCO	50	0	0	JHH	30	10	2	RVJ	10	14	0	CH	14	0	0
Mrs.CO	20	10	0	HEN	69	0	0	DH	7	16	0	WL	20	0	9
JM	20	0	0	JM	10	0	0	WGS	22	0	0	JA	61	18	2
MAWT	16	10	0	ALP	24	17	0	JL	30	16	0	Capt.JC	17	15	0
VS	28	2	6	GTC	20	19	9	JW	18	0	0	FHW	78	18	0

The Above Sums were made by Clients starting with £6 and upwards in a Few Weeks.

If You forward the Coupon opposite You may be still more fortunate.

"JOHN BULL" (Feb. 9th) says: "If you win, you will be paid."

EVERY CHEQUE CAN BE SEEN.

To the Secretary,
The National Share Exchange, 6t. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of how the above sums were made.

M M. 15/2/11.

Name _____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title.)

Address in Full _____

Date _____

(Please write distinctly.)

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

PENINGS FOR HE MAN OF 20 TO 25.

Last week I devoted my ...kly chat to the discus- ... of some possible open- ... for the young man who ... no expert knowledge of ... trade or profession, but ... finds himself in his ... twenties" faced ... necessity of making ... way in life and ... the business at ... will earn his liveli-

... already dealt ...th the possibilities ...migration and of turn- ... your hobbies to account ... teaching in your favourite ... athletics.

... form of teaching ... the man with sufficient talent. The ... of music does not require any degree ... described course of study, and, if you ... the ability and the patience to work ... good connection, may yield quite a good ..., but the early days are bound to be ...ning, and it is advisable to start ...ng only in leisure time while engaged on ... work.

... man who is young enough and is ...holly dependent on his salary for his ... for the first year or two, the position ... bank clerk has many attractions; among ... a secure position with the prospect of a ...on on retirement and regular hours. ... salary, however, is not large, and £40, ... and £60 for the first three years re- ...tively represents a fair average. ... get into a bank it is generally necessary ... in a nomination from a director, so ... little influence or at least a guarantee ... character is required. Then follows ... very difficult examination. ...candidates for most banks must be be- ... the ages of 16 and 21, or for the ... of England between 18 and 21. ...re is necessarily a certain amount of ...ony about the work in a bank, but unless ... unfortunate enough to be posted to ...mall country branch, you will probably ... congenial companions among fellow- ...s and opportunities for indulgence in ...

... of the leading journalists to-day ... as reporters on provincial newspapers, ... attain success in this line you must ... not only some literary talent but also ... speed at shorthand, a sound knowledge ...h, and preferably of one or more ...ges.

...ver, are all things which a man ... picked up in his schooldays and ... now be turned to account.

...y way to get a start is to apply to ...newspapers until you find a vacancy. ... "Situations Vacant" columns of ...London ...graph" papers, especially the "Daily ... and "Daily News" in which ...vacancies are usually advertised. ...reporter must be ready to go anywhere ...write about anything. He must have un- ...nerve and no nerves. He must have ...indefinable quality known as a "good ...."

S. T. YOUNG.

Further hints will appear next week.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

RUBBER AND TEA.

The rubber market has been very firm lately, and the leading counters have improved considerably in price. Large lines of cheap shares have changed hands, and the market is getting quite bare of stock in this speciality. Way-Halims are a very firm market.

Tea shares are firm, and the promoter is still after good tea estates; but, tea will never show the promise of rubber, and I trust my readers will confine their investments to shares of companies interested in the latter product in preference to the former.

SOME FURTHER TIPS.

The stock of the Mexican Railway continues to improve; but the top of the market is a long way off yet—the same remark applies to the shares of the National Railways of Mexico.

Those in search of a sound investment with excellent prospects in the Oil market should buy the shares of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line, which pay a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum. The fully-paid £1 shares are quoted about 19s., and as there is every prospect of a considerably increased dividend distribution in the very near future, they look decidedly cheap.

When the approaching oil "boom" materialises, the shares of the G. M. Oilfields will stand at a very different price than they do at present.

This is one of the pioneer oil promoting companies, and the profits the company has made are very great. Of course the profits are chiefly in paper; but the "boom" will make a good market for their holdings at face value.

The Mexican Light and Power shares have had a good rise lately and look like going still better. The net increased takings for 1910 were over two million dollars; consequently the dividends paid in 1911 will be proportionately greater than in 1910.

SOUTH AFRICANS.

The shares of South African mines, with very few exceptions are dull, stale, and unprofitable, and, in my opinion, likely to remain so.

I shall advise my readers to leave Rhodesians severely alone and confine their investments to rubber; and their speculative investments to the shares of promising oil companies.

OILS.

Oil shares are firm at the higher prices, and the prospects in this market are good.

The Mexican Eagle Oil Company seem to be satisfied with their gusher—which, by the way, has been successfully capped, pending the completion of the necessary tankage to hold the output—as they have entered into a contract with the Interoceanic Railway Company of Mexico to supply oil-fuel for a considerable period on their system between Acapulco and Vera Cruz.

This is good news for the shareholders of the Mexican Railway Co., as it leaves not the slightest shadow of doubt that the contractors are now prepared with a full supply of oil fuel for this company's engines. The prices of the various stocks have naturally improved on the news, as the saving on the present fuel bill of the Mexican Railway will be about £40,000 per annum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SCEPTIC" (Ilfracombe).—My answer to your queries is—decidedly no.

W. L. C. (Guernsey).—If you write Messrs. N. Keiser and Co., 19, Threadneedle Street, E.C., they will doubtless be able to supply you with the information you require.

"DEPOSITOR"—If you forward name and address I shall answer your query. I do not reply to anonymous correspondents.

S. A. (Oxford).—You should have averaged when I first advised you. Even now it is not too late.

F. W. (Chiswick).—Yes, you might well exchange into Mexican Seconds, they are safe to pay 6 per cent.

F. E. B. (Sheffield).—Keep your money in your pocket. It is better to lose £1 than 30s.

W. V. (Glasgow).—Please send your full name and address. I should like to hear further particulars of the matter to which you refer.

D. R. B. (Woolwich).—I should advise you to have no further dealings with the company you mention.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The IDEAL Policy

ISSUED BY

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.,

PROVIDES

Life Assurance without Medical Examination.

Prospectus and Terms post free.

Agents Wanted—Excellent Prospects.

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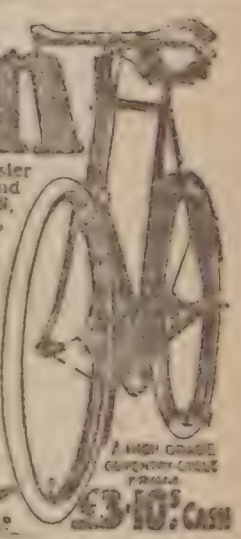

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

HOW FERRIS WAS ALMOST CAUGHT

By

E. WADE LANG.

Ferris had been absent from the flat for a fortnight, and I had not the faintest idea what had become of him.

It was not a fact to cause me much surprise or anxiety, for he was given to such periodical disappearances; and they generally resulted in his returning with a plan fully formed and perfected for carrying out some scheme, in which I was expected to act, and unfailingly did act, as a willing, if sometimes conscience-ridden, accomplice.

In this case he came back very late one night, unrecognisable until he had visited his bedroom and made several alterations in his physical appearance; and then he apologised rather ironically for having no better excitement to offer than the burgling of a provincial jeweller's shop.

"You shouldn't be bothered with it at all," he said, "only that the way I have hit on requires two to work it; and indeed, with two it will be a childishly simple affair.

"Let me give you a few details. The shop is in the main street, and lies between a chemist's shop on the one hand, which does not close till late, and a wine merchant's office on the other, which is closed early in the evening.

"Our man's hours are eight p.m. on weekdays and nine o'clock on Saturdays. He does not live over the shop, but in a suburban house a mile or so out of the town."

"What town?" I inquired.

"Mannborough, in Oxfordshire. I happened upon it a week ago while touring on a hired 'wheel,' seeking, I may as well confess it, whom we might despoil. The gentleman's attractive stock took my fancy first, so much so, in fact, that I put up in the town for a day or two with the object of gaining a little information.

"The right man to get it from was obviously the jeweller's assistant——"

"Does he only keep one?" I interposed.

"Yes, only one—a florid, beer-drinking young fellow, to whom I had the pleasure of losing several games of billiards in a saloon at the local hotel. He talked readily, and I doubt if I asked him a single direct question. But we were mainly concerned with fishing matters."

"So it would appear," said I, drily.

"He told me," continued Ferris, twinkling at the pun, "that the shop has steel-lined walls, and a two-inch steel door at the back, always locked and double-bolted at night. Quite a strong room, in fact! And the small inner office, which is also within the 'strong room' contains the safe."

"What sort of safe?" I asked.

Ferris grimaced ruefully. "One that it would take us at least six hours to open. But the stock is not placed in it—not that displayed in the window and the show-cases—because, you see, there is a roll-down steel shutter over the window and another one constitutes the door, and in each there is a spy-hole for the 'bobby' on the beat to squint through."

"Lights on all night, of course?" said I.

"Of course," murmured Ferris.

"No window at the rear?"

"None."

"M-m. Sounds fairly impregnable."

"It does; and that is the gratifying part of it. For with a sense of security comes indifference to danger. We shall crack that crib together, Burke, as sure as I'm wanted at Scotland Yard. And it promises to be one of the easiest tasks we have undertaken."

"It's as well not to be over-confident," said I. "You never can tell what will happen. How do you propose to do it?"

He smiled a little at my tone of warning—for on his part, I am assured, there was never a tremor of anticipatory uneasiness—in nerve and audacity he was alike incomparable. And he pulled from his waistcoat pocket a thing like a short and fat iron screw and held it up for my inspection.

"By means of that," said he, answering my question.

"That," he went on, eyeing it with quizzical appreciation, "is a key for opening the screw-lock which fastens down the door. When the steel shutter is rolled down a bar at the bottom is shot through a staple in the stone step, and the screw-lock snapped into the hole bored in the end of the bar. It's a superlatively strong lock, and regarded by the makers as unpickable—though I should be prepared to destroy their fond belief, given the necessary time and non-interference.

"However, to obtain a duplicate of the key was a more practicable step, and I managed this by borrowing my bibulous young friend's watch-key, which, very conveniently, was attached to his key-ring. He made a twenty-five break while I was taking the wax impression . . . ."

"You have tried the key?" I asked him.

"It works admirably," he answered.

"You intend, then, to enter by the front way?"

"I do, old Irishman."

"While I keep watch outside?"

"Correct."

"But——"

"No, no," he interrupted, rising up with his winning laugh. "No more details now. You shall hear all to-morrow—or, rather, this very day, for it's past two, I see, and I'm dog-tired."

He stretched himself [illegible]atedly, watching me the[illegible] through narrowed lids; then I stood up, too, he clapped affectionately on the back pushed me towards my bedroom.

How well he understood my weak[illegible] conjuring up dangers that had no exi[illegible] in fact! Yet the adventure was not to as it happened, without some justificati[illegible] my premonitory apprehensions.

II.

Mannborough is not on the main line Stadworth is, and to Stadworth we a[illegible] ingly went, catching an afternoon train deposited us there at six in the evening.

Tea over, we hired a bicycle apiece, at seven-thirty set out on our ten-mile to Mannborough, Ferris letting fall the ment that it was never safe to entrust o[illegible] to a branch-line train if it could possibl[illegible] avoided.

We reached Mannborough within the Leaving our bicycles at an inn on the of the town, we entered the High, which, the day being Saturday, was cro[illegible] with young people and shoppers.

We strolled the whole length of the and returned, taking a glance each t[illegible] the unpretentious, single-windowed s[illegible] John Hines, jeweller. We were not in costume, but wore quiet lounge su[illegible] good cut, and there was nothing in appearance to excite anyone's attenti[illegible] suspicion.

John Hines, jeweller, was not doi[illegible] business, and we only saw one custome[illegible] during the twenty minutes of our parad[illegible]

At five minutes past nine the assistant and pulled down the steel shutter o[illegible] window, locking it.

At ten minutes past nine Mr. John H[illegible] himself emerged—a stout and sleek little —and waited while the assistant rattled the door shutter, and slid home the bar clicked-to the self-locking screw-lock.

Then they said good-night and p[illegible]

I followed Mr. John Hines and Fer[illegible] assistant.

By twenty minutes to ten I was back in the town, having seen my man safely his house, and Ferris was waiting for beneath the Town Clock.

"He's playing snooker," he in[illegible] softly, "and therefore a negligible q[illegible] for the next hour or more. But we delay. . . ."

His plan was amazingly daring, but to succeed on that very account. I felt ready for anything.

We proceeded to the shop of Mr. Hines, jeweller. Thirty yards away, at the corner of a cross-street, a pol[illegible] was plainly discernible.

But we paid him no heed.

We intended to commit the burglary the eyes of the whole street, relying openness of our actions to prevent shadow of mistrust.

And we opened the front door of jeweller's shop with as much coolness *sang-froid* as if it were really our own.

Or, I should say, Ferris did. I to stand by and watch.

He removed the screw-lock, pock[illegible] and then with a gentle lift rolled up the shutter a matter of three feet or so, s[illegible] and passed under it and disappeared.

I pulled the shutter down again cigarette, and waited.

"Three minutes," Ferris had whis[illegible] but suspense is not to be measured by

A stream of pedestrians passed by passed me, and all seemed to stare, b[illegible] stopped.

And at last I heard Ferris's si[illegible] faint taps and a scraped-down nail.

Stooping, I put my hands b[illegible]

... of the shutter and essayed to copy ...ris's gentle lift.

... a little harder. I used strength. ... my feet apart, and took a better grip, tugged.

... ground my teeth together and strained till ... muscles cracked.

... to no purpose.

The shutter had stuck.

Ferris's quiet, concentrated voice reached me.

"What's wrong, Burke?" He was speaking through the spy-hole.

I told him.

I could not see his expression; in fact, he hissed out at once that I was not to attempt to look through; but he went on calmly.

"Try again. Don't lose your nerve. Use patience. It will come with a bit of coaxing."

But it did not—and it would not.

It could only be opened from the outside, and Ferris was helpless.

I find it impossible to describe my feelings ... next few minutes; the seething anxiety, growing panic. Ferris had been silent ... his brief words of counsel, and indeed ... was glaringly apparent that to carry on a ... tion through the peep-hole would ... to court curiosity, suspicion, and ...

... long I had been struggling I don't ... but suddenly something happened ... threw me into a sweat not by any ... to be accounted for by the strenuousness of my exertions.

"Want any help?" said a bluff voice behind me, and I turned my head sideways, without rising from my crouching position, to see that a stalwart red-cheeked young policeman was regarding me.

"No, thanks," I gasped, disorganised. "I'm all right, thanks."

I went on with an ineffectual tinkering.

He continued to watch me. He drew nearer. He was a diabolically friendly young man.

"Won't it open?" said he, bending down. "Let me help."

"The — blessed — thing's — stuck," I floundered, trying to push down instead of pull up, and incidentally to get in his way. "Don't you — trouble. I shall manage—thanks."

"No trouble, sir. How's it go?"

He inserted powerful red fingers beneath. I looked at his chin and neck—and realised the folly of "downing" him.

Together we struggled with the shutter, the policeman putting all his strength into the effort to raise it, and I putting as much as I dared into the effort to prevent him.

"What's happened?" he went on, with grunts. "Forgotten something?"

"I—I—left the—lock—behind."

It was the first excuse that leapt to my lips, and the last on earth that I ought to have chosen. For the lock was in Ferris's pocket, and unless we found him I was proved to be lying, and if we did find him we were indubitably thieves.

No one seemed to be interested in what we were doing.

A cold hard desperation took possession of me, and I saw that our only chance lay in getting the constable inside—and drawing down the shutter—and attacking him—and trusting to luck that we were not overheard.

Even as I thought the door rattled upwards.

I went in first. I took a lightning glance at everything. Ferris was nowhere in view—probably hidden somewhere in the office—but there before me, conspicuous on the counter, was the lock! The screw-lock!

Ferris must have caught the purport of our scattered conversation, and with his never-failing presence of mind, understood what to do!

I did not hesitate a moment. The policeman had not passed the doorway, was still watching me, serene in the assurance that he had done me a service, when I took up the lock, said "Here it is," and, going out at once, locked up the shop again.

He stayed at my elbow till I had finished. Then I left him with an inarticulate farewell.

I walked along the still crowded street, on and on till I had left its light behind; then I came to a stop and debated what next to do.

For a full minute my mind was a blank. Ferris was still a prisoner. The situation was worse than before, for now he was locked in, the lock was self-locking, and he had the key.

But I could not desert him. I went back.

I have often felt surprise at my temerity and recklessness; but, after all, the course I followed was the only one open.

I returned to the shop, careless of being noticed or interrupted, gave the arranged signal and received a similar one in return.

"Will the key come through?" I asked him at the spy-hole. He passed it to me without a word.

That time the shutter did not stick!

Two minutes later we were hastening along a side street towards the inn where we had left our bicycles.

"What would you have done?" I asked him, breaking silence.

"That rear steel door was a teaser," he admitted. "With all Sunday before me and some tools I found, I might . . . only might, Burke. But you——"

He pinched my arm.

"You played up," he said. And I have never forgotten the tone in which he said it.

His pockets were filled with the choicest of John Hines's stock. He had found time to make an expert's selection during the interval in which I had left him and returned.

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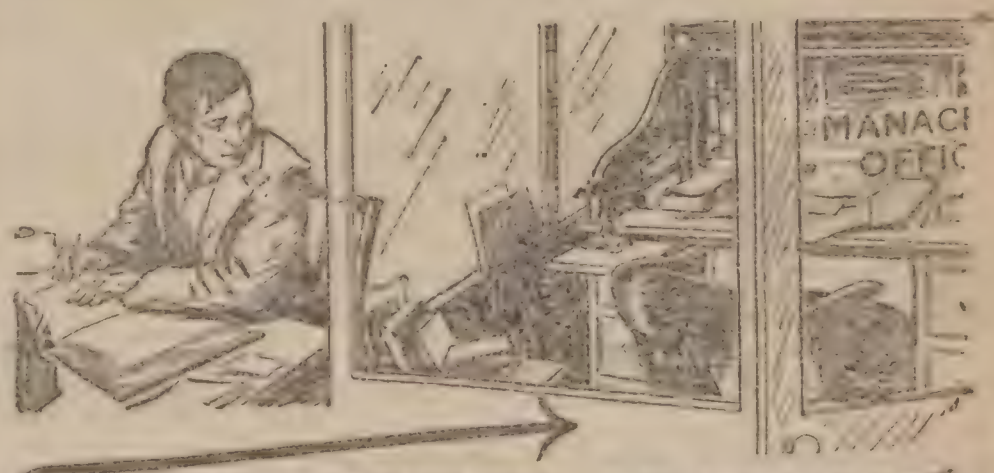

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A TIP FOR THE BACHELOR.

One of the most annoying things that can happen to a man who has no one at home to undertake small repairs to his clothes is the breaking of the loop by which he hangs up his overcoat.

When this happens, the luckless bachelor usually gets along as best he can without it, until the coat has for some reason to go to the tailor.

The result is that the shape of the coat is completely spoilt by its being hung on the peg by the scruff of its neck, so to speak. This stretches the cloth at the back, and in a very short time the mark of the peg becomes a permanency.

Heavy coats are often made with a chain to hang them up by, and it is seldom that this gives way.

It is a tip worth knowing that these chains can be bought separately for threepence or so from any well-stocked outfitter. At each end is fitted a little plate and a pin which is fixed to another plate after being run through the cloth.

This simple little contrivance can be fitted with ease to any coat, and will effectually replace the broken coat-hanger.

It can be removed from the coat when it is finally discarded, and kept handy for the next occasion on which it is needed.

A MAN'S REPAIR OUTFIT.

In connection with the minor repairs that are constantly necessary to a man's wardrobe, I have always found it an excellent plan to keep a complete repair outfit handy, as the cyclist does.

If, when a button comes off, you have got to search in one place for a new button, in another for a needle, another for the cotton, and somewhere else for a pair of scissors, the chances are that that button will not get sewn on for some time.

Keep a special drawer or a bag for the purpose, and let it contain a well-fitted "housewife" with buttons, needles, cotton, thread, scissors, safety-pins, and so on. There should also be in it a supply of boot and shoe laces, some odd brace-ends, if those you wear are of the elastic kind and likely to need replacing.

Further additions will occur to every man. Among them may be some "bachelor's buttons," which can be fixed by driving a shank through the stuff; one of the emergency coat-hangers that I have mentioned above, and perhaps a few studs and a tie-clip may come in useful.

The main thing is that the drawer should always be kept well-stocked with those details of your attire that are liable to get broken or lost at a critical moment, so that you know exactly where to turn for what you want when you are in a hurry.

BOW TIES AND MORNING DRESS.

A correspondent writes to ask me whether it is "really correct" to wear a bow tie with morning dress.

"I know," he writes, "that many men regularly do so, but somehow I have always had a feeling that the bow tie ought to be worn with evening dress alone."

That a bow tie is by no means incorrect with morning dress a walk down Bond Street any day would soon convince my correspondent, but there is certainly something in what he says.

I do not suppose that you would find during that walk down Bond Street a well-dressed man wearing a bow tie with a double collar.

Here, again, it is impossible to find a hard and fast rule, for on certain occasions —for example, in tennis or boating-costume —a bow tie with a double collar may be quite correct.

It is advisable, however, when wearing a bow tie with a lounge suit or morning dress to wear a single collar either of the military or "wing" variety. With a frock coat a small knot should always be worn.

FOLDING WALKING-STICKS.

Probably many of my readers have found a walking-stick a great nuisance when travelling. You want to take one for use at the journey's end, but you do not want to be burdened with it on the journey, especially if you have a bag and perhaps a coat or parcel to carry also.

One stick can be managed, however, but if you want to take an umbrella or a second stick besides, the only thing to do is to tie them into a cumbersome bundle which makes another piece of luggage.

To the week-end traveller, therefore, a folding walking stick is a blessing. It can be made, of course, to unscrew into two or three pieces, but such a stick would not be very strong. There is a better plan than that.

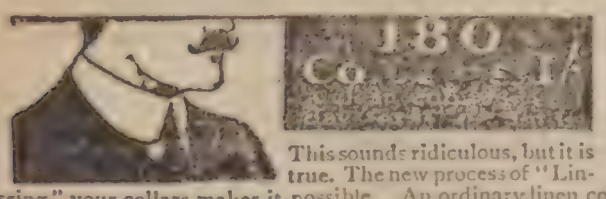
At most shops which specialise in walking-sticks you can get one which unscrews in the middle and then can be bent double by means of a hinge.

Combined walking-stick umbrellas are also obtainable and provide one way out of the difficulty, but those which I have mentioned previously on this page and which consist of a tight-rolling umbrella with a hollow, collapsible sheath of cane or leather, have the drawback that once the umbrella is wet it must remain an umbrella until it is dry. It cannot be rolled up and inserted in its sheath as soon as a shower is over.

IRONING YOUR SILK HAT AT HOME.

Most men, when they want to get their hats smartened up, take them to a hatter and wait patiently while he exercises his art upon them. Sometimes it is possible to get this done at a hairdresser's while you are having a shave or hair-cut, but as a rule, unless you have an office boy to send out with your hat, it means waste of time and will cost you a few pence or so on each occasion.

If you wear a silk hat often, there



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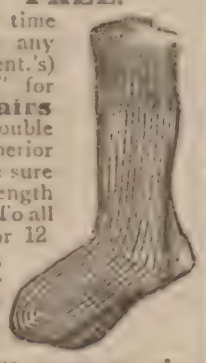

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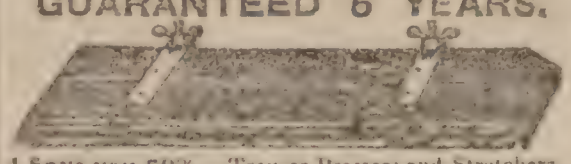

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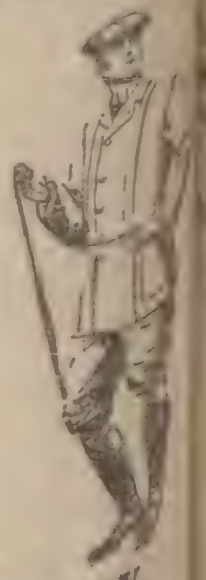

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will pay you to keep an iron at home so that you can do the job yourself at your leisure.

It is possible to obtain an excellent implement for the purpose at the comparatively small cost of 1s. 6d. This has a hole in the long handle which is placed over a gas-burner, with the gas turned half on.

If, in addition to the iron, you use a warmed velvet pad, you will be able to get as fine a finish on the hat as you could wish.

In order to get the best results, however, it is advisable to take your hat first of all to a hatter to be dressed, and to watch carefully how he treats it.

BOOT-JACKS.

That luxurious article of a man's wardrobe, the boot-jack, is usually left to the hunting man or the wearer of riding boots or Wellingtons, but its use need not stop there.

To have a boot-jack always to hand—or should I say, to foot?—on the floor of your bedroom or dressing-room is a little convenience that no man need deny himself.

It is especially useful if your boots are muddy to be able to kick them off in this way by simply inserting the heel in the jaws of the boot-jack.

The thing is easily made at home. All you need is a piece of board about eighteen inches long and six or seven inches wide, with a nick large enough to admit the heel of your boot at one end. At the top of the board so as to raise the end from the ground, and there you are.

You stand (or sit) with one foot on the end of the board and insert the heel of the other foot in the nick. You can then lever the boot off, once it is unlaced, without so much as bending forward.

For the protection of your boots it is as well to bind the edges of the jack, with which they comes into contact, with leather. This can be tacked down at the top and bottom of the board with brass-headed upholstery nails.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

V. F. (Dublin) asks us whether we can help him "to give the lips and mouth a good, hard, firm, manly appearance." A man's facial expression depends largely upon his character, and also upon his physique. Strength in the face soon becomes evident if you go in for systematic physical culture.

R. J. (Staines).—Better give the commission to a local vet. If, as you say, you don't know much about horses, it would be inadvisable for you to purchase one on your own judgment.

TOM HOGAN, 39, New Street, Kennington Park Road, London, S.E., wishes to correspond with readers in the colonies.

G. L. (Oldham).—You do not give us sufficient particulars to enable us to form an opinion.

W. S. C. (Winnipeg).—The International Correspondence Schools in London are amongst the best institutions of that kind in this country. We presume that their American branches are equally good.

F. A. R. (Carlisle) suggests that Territorial enthusiasts might very well have their regimental collar badge mounted on their tobacco pouches instead of the usual silver initial plate.

TO A FIFESHIRE CORRESPONDENT.—You recently You recently wrote to us concerning your dealings with a certain company, and we replied to you. Unfortunately we have not kept your letter and do not remember your name and address. We should be much obliged if you would communicate with us.

J. H. (Nottingham) wants to reduce the size of his knees. He had better consult his doctor, as there may be some actual physical defect. Otherwise careful physical culture will probably put the matter right.

G. H. MAIDMENT, 2, Somerset Road, Southsea, wants to exchange picture postcards with readers in Japan.

F. T. B. (Manchester) wishes to know why Roberts should have been passed over by the selection committee.

W. SYMONDS, 75, Crawly Road, Luton, wants to correspond with any reader contemplating going to Australia.

D. J. W. (Glanamman).—Better write to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W., and ask them to supply you with particulars as to a man's prospects in our various colonies.

R. S. (Plymouth).—It is incorrect to exhibit your watch-chain when you are wearing evening dress. Wear the watch without a chain, or wear a fob attached to it. Boots of patent leather or glacé kid, preferably buttoned ones, are correct for dinner parties, but you may wear shoes if you like.

V. G. S. C. (Woking).—We have no objection whatsoever to soldiers contributing to our pages. Where a military man sends a contribution, we frequently, at his request, substitute a nom de plume instead of his own name.

H. O. W. (Nottingham).—Much better stick to clerking. The profession you mention is full up.

H. McN. (Musselburgh).—We do not think you require to obtain any special permission to go in for a bit of friendly sparring on the ground you mention. If anyone interferes with you, ask his authority for doing so.

A. T. R. (Birmingham).—It is possible to pick up a good sailing boat very cheap at the present moment, but you must be quick about it, for the season is rapidly approaching, and owners of boats will find plenty of purchasers for them. It is impossible for us to give you an idea as to the cost. Everything depends upon your ability in bargaining.

A. H. M. (West Bromwich).—Much depends on the breed of dog. Treatment that is suitable for one will not do for another. Better have a chat with some dog fancier in your locality. He will tell you more about dogs in ten minutes than you would ever learn from books.

S. K. J. (Waterloo).—There are many good books on driving. Those by Captain Hayes are probably the best. You can consult them at your local library.

G. L. N. (Ilford), **E. H.** (Honor Oak Park), **J. B. R.** (Durham), **C. A.** (Glasgow), **E. S. H.** (Walthamstow), **R. G.** (Manchester), **F. C. B.** (Camberwell), **F. B.** (Brighton).—We are much obliged to you.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

.....

Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We print below the twenty-third instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

HAIGH, Near Wigan.
J. BROOKS, Grimshaw Cottage.
W. BROWN, Prospect House.

HAILSHAM.
F. L. ANSCOMBE, 10, Garfield Road.
J. HARMER, Windmill Hill.
W. J. PIPER, 22, Garfield Road.

HALBEATH BY DUNFERMLINE.
G. B. LAWSON, Long Row.

HALE.
J. W. HILL, 48, Buch Road.

HALIFAX.
W. J. BOTTOMLEY, 2, Woodbine Terrace, King Cross Rd.
E. A. CRANWELL, 5, Mill Lane, Boothtown.
C. L. DRAKE, 13, Westbourne Grove, Salterhebble.
W. DRAKE, 67, Dyson Road.
A. FLEMING, "Craigielea," Ovenden.
S. FLEMING, 33, Penn Street, Peilon Lane.
H. GAINES, 31, Norfolk Mount, King Cross Road.
H. GOUGH, 8, Syke Lane, Lightcliffe.
H. GREENWOOD, 2, Bubwith Grove, West End.
J. T. GREENWOOD, 67, Wadsworth Street, Battinson Rd.
A. HARVEY, 2, Park Place, Parkinson Lane.
H. JOHNSON, 346, Gibbet Street.
J. LUM, 7, Hollin Street, Triangle.
E. MOORE, 10, Whitegate North, Causeway Foot.
W. F. ROBINSON, 199, Spring Hall Lane.
C. ROBSON, Holme House, Mount Tabor.
C. R. SHAW, 58, Southgate.
T. P. SIMPSON, 1, Rochdale Road, West Vale.
W. STREET, 15, Bedford Street, Lister Lane.
L. TURNER, 36, Moorfield Street, Saville Park.
A. VERITY, 2, Ingram Street, Savile Park.
J. WALKER, Brockstones House, Upper Greetland.

HALTWHISTLE.
J. HORBIN, 4, Lorne Street.

HAMILTON.
C. M. HENDERSON, 31, Lower Patrick Street.
J. MOHAN, 4, Blackswell Lane.
J. RUSSELL, 22, Hope Street.
J. RUSSELL, 15, Johnstone Street.
W. TAYLOR, 35, Orchard Street.
D. YOUNGSON, 17, Ramsay Place, Haddow Street.

HANLEY.
J. EVANS, London House, Bath Street.
C. M. FAIRBANKS, 178, Fenton Road.
A. HUGHES, 67, Leonard Road.
J. F. JONES, 69, Westfield Terrace, Bethesda Street.
R. C. NICHOLSON, 48, Myer Street.
S. R. SANDERS, 222, Cauldon Road.
J. SAWYER, 15, Windermere Street, Waterloo Road.

HARLECH.
A. L. JONES, Garden House.

HARPENDEN.
A. A. OLVER, Rothamsted.

HARROGATE.
G. W. GRESHAM, 113A, Cold Bath Road.
J. HOWARTH, 160, Walker Road.

HARTHILL.
W. MACKIE, "Woodbine."

HARTLEPOOL.
F. C. ALLEN, 30, St. Hilda Street.

HARTLEPOOL (WEST).
C. BLEASDALE, 167, Alma Street.
C. BREWARD, 48, Cumberland Street.
T. CLARKE, 31, Gordon Street.
H. COLLIER, 18, Studley Road, Belle Vue.
J. CROFT, 46, Sandringham Road.
J. N. EDGAR, 8, Dover Street.
M. N. FLETCHER, 69, South Parade.
E. GRAY, 3, York Terrace, Middleton Road.
F. W. KILVINGTON, Hylton Park Road.
H. LEWIS, 13, Lowthian Road.
C. C. LUMLEY, Norton Villa, Park Road.
J. H. MILLER, 26, Scarborough Street.
W. MITCHELL, 3, Collingwood Road.
T. W. MOORE, 62, Westmoreland Street.
W. POUNDER, 35, Wansbeck Gardens.
G. SMITH, Newton House, South Burn Terrace.
R. SMURTHWAITE, "Southlands," 28, Grange Road.
A. WILSON, 35, Leabody Terrace, South Parade.

HASLEMERE.
E. EDWARDS, Clay Hill.

HASLINGDEN.
J. A. BRIDGE, 4, Church Lane.

HASSOCKS.
C. R. DOWSING, 1, Stanford Avenue.

HASTINGS.
G. C. BROOMAN, 14, Athelstan Road, Clive Vale.
W. BUTLER, 11, The Croft.
A. COATES, 34, Whitefriars Road.
W. L. DELLANNOY, 18, Gladstone Terrace, West Hill.
J. FULLER, 65, Queen's Road.
W. E. GLADWISH, 57, Mount Road.
C. C. HARVEY, Christine Villa, Edgar Road, Clive Vale.
H. TURNER, Albany Hotel (Staff).

HAWICK.
R. HILL, 9, Duke Street.
J. INGLIS, 12, Duke Street.
D. PATERSON, "Deanfoot," Minto.
J. S. TURNBULL, 51, High Street.
D. WILSON, Teviot Bank.

HAWKHURST.
F. C. AGER, "Risden."

HAY.
C. E. WILLIAMS, 3, Church St.

HAYDON BRIDGE.
W. HENDERSON, West Land Ends.

HAYWARD'S HEATH.
A. BROOK, Tomato Cottage, Kent's Road.
A. GOODCHILD, Lydhurst Gardens.
C. V. JOHNSON, Franklynn Road.
H. E. WALTON, Mill House.

HEANOR.
P. FARNSWORTH, Newlands.

HEBBURN-ON-TYNE.
J. NEWBY, 20, Shamrock Street.

HEBDEN BRIDGE.
G. A. SMITH, 16, Market Street.

HECKMONDWIKE.
L. B. LESTER, Wellfield.

HEDNESFORD.
W. BELL, 29, Station Road.

HELENSBURGH.
A. DICKSON, 77, East Prince's Street.
R. W. FERGUSON, Iona Place.
L. WILSON, 177, East Prince's Street.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.
A. W. KELLY, St. Mark's Road.

HEREFORD.
J. WELCH, 1, Charterhouse Villas, North Villa Road.

HERTFORD.
E. R. ABRAHAM, c/o Westrope and Son, Market Place.
G. R. MARTIN, Cowbridge.
P. C. PENNEY, The Limes, Ware Road.
W. H. WALLIS, 131, Bengeo Street, Bengeo.
L. WILKIN, St. John's Road.

HETTON-LE-HOLE.
W. CLARKSON, 3, Market Street.
C. MYERS, 7, Station Road.
J. A. D. ROGERS, 4, Urwin Street.

HEWORTH.
A. BURTON, 12, Wood Street.

HEXHAM-ON-TYNE.
E. BURN, 5, Eilan's Terrace.

(To be continued.)

"Man, Mind & Muscle

A WONDERFUL, INSPIRING BOOK, which opens to you the priceless secrets of attaining GREAT PHYSICAL & MENTAL PERFECTION & POWER

This Book is worth pounds to every man, but is here offered to Readers of "The Modern Man" for 1s. 2d. post free.

For the young man starting in life; for the man whose career is of ten years' standing; for the middle-aged man; for all whose goal is Physical as well as Mental Success, this book is the most valuable ever published.

Its worth is apparent.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" explains to you clearly and concisely the powers that you must possess if you would attain success. But it tells you more. It tells you how you can obtain those powers; how you can strengthen and develop your intellect and so realise to the full the powers that lie dormant in everybody's—in your—brain and body. It explains the overcoming of bad habits; how to detect and know your own failings; how to rid yourself of faults in your character which tend to weaken instead of strengthen your personality. It shows you how to convert your very weakness into strength.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" is published by one of the most famous firms of health publishers in the world, the Health and Vim Publishing Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" shows you that a man in order to succeed must have a dominant personality. He must impress the strength and power of his mind upon all with whom he comes into contact. The man with a distinctive personality is a man who has developed and trained the latent powers that are in him to the fullest.

People feel that they can trust him, they feel that he is a man of substance, of strong character, a man worthy of every confidence. He is a man whose passions are under perfect control; he realises himself to the utmost; he is fully cognisant of his own power, and his self-confidence and will-power are as steady and as firm as a rock.

A man such as this succeeds through the sheer force of his character. In business dealings he exercises a mental fascination which convinces even against a person's will. His voice, his manner, his earnestness, and every line of his body all join together to push him onwards.

In all probability you have met such a man. You have been almost awed. You have instantly conceived an intense respect for him, and have felt that here was a man you would trust your life to. But, you ask yourself, what is the reason? Is it that my will is so exceedingly weak? Or is it that his character is intensely strong, out of all proportion to mine?

The powers of the man who influenced you can be yours if you will but go the right way about getting them.

This book, the price of which is but a shilling net, tells you the means of obtaining this strength of mind and character that you now so much desire.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" tells you how to keep yourself under perfect control, your muscles, thoughts, passions, and will.

To take but one little illustration. The man with a powerful personality always looks you straight in the eyes, he never blinks, and his glance never wanders.

"Why is this?" you ask.

The explanation is simple.

Like all his other muscles, he has those of his eyes under perfect control. He has steeled himself to control them.

Such is the explanation of the so-called piercing magnetic gaze. But how convincing it is, and how you feel you can trust such a man, as you really *can!*

You must realise that such a man as this has every muscle and faculty under as complete a control as his eyes. "Man, Mind, and Muscle" will show you how to get a similar control over yourself, so that your personality and intellect will rapidly attain success for you and render you a leader among men, instead of a mere go-with-the-crowd unit, as the vast majority of men are at present. No longer will you be subjected to the first impulse that seizes you; your judgment and coolness will carry you through. Your character will always remain unimpaired; you will resist and overcome all temptation, conquer your bad habits, gain by sheer will-power the success that you desire, and thus achieve that supreme happiness which we are all working for, but which so few attain.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle," published at 1s. net, teaches you how to control the Man's (or self, that is) moral or ethical nature, the judgment and so achieve intellect, will-power, a sound memory, and complete self-control, and also the Muscles, so that you develop a healthy body with firm flesh and that grace and appearance of powerful strength which belongs only to those who are physically perfect!

The chapter headings here will give you an idea of how completely your triple nature is covered in this book, which costs you only a shilling.

The Three-fold Nature of Man—Your Nerves and Your Morals—This Wonderful Body of Ours—How to Exercise the Mind and Educate the Will—How to Attain Self-Control, &c.

Thus, you see, it is now placed within your reach to obtain that personality which comes of complete self-control and strength of character about which you have thought so often.

Send for "Man, Mind, and Muscle," read it carefully, and follow implicitly the advice it gives. Above all, keep to it. Don't let your interest flag, which, if you really desire success, would be the most fatal weakness. Note and thoroughly understand every part of it and you will be well on the path to business and social success.

The price of "Man, Mind, and Muscle" is 1s. 2d. post free, and is to be obtained of the Health and Vim Publishing Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gent.'s dark green mackintosh, pair each cycling breeches, black leggings, tennis shoes, and 1909-1910 volumes of "The Modern Man"; perfect condition; lot £1 6s.—S. Greening, 14, Julian Street, Plymouth.

Blue cashmere lounge, suit man 5ft. 9in., chest 36in.; cost 5gns., £2 10s. Fullest details on application.

Burberry's Gabardine breeches, 15s.; cost 2gns.—Box 4234, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentlemen, here is a clothing hint worth knowing! "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Two or three gent.'s white shirts, the very best quality, samples, brand new. What offers?—Box 4216, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Splendid waterproof coat, reversible, in good condition, 38in. chest, bargain, 22s. 6d.—Box 0422, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brand new pair of sandals, size 4, best make, all leather, cost 8s. 6d.; bargain, 4s.—Box 4181 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac." 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Two or three dozen second-hand collars, various sizes, to clear, price 2s. post free.—Box 4182, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Colt's 22-calibre target revolver, 6in. barrel, hardly used; £2.—Box 4235, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

B.S.A. Airgun, new last August, hardly used; cost 50s. What offers?—Box 4230, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, folding bagatelle board, 8ft. by 30in., with accessories, must be in good condition.—Box 4185, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good revolver or automatic pistol; cash.—Box 4217, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Black curly retriever dog, nine months old, of good working strain; price £2.—Box 4231, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, fox terrier or Irish terrier; price and full particulars.—Box 4196, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 11.

EDUCATIONAL.

Books and music of every description bought. Full value sent by return. Country parcels must be sent by goods train only.—Harding's Book Stores, 242, St. Paul's Road, Highbury, London, N.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Klito guinea camera, latest improvements, splendid condition, including waterproof carrying bag; exchange for flat cabin or similar trunk, or best cash offer.—Box 4233, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

¼-plate camera, Beck Primus lens, Unicum shutter, light and compact, suit cyclist, complete with all accessories; bargain, £3 10s., or best offer.—Box 4232, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Mail order business for sale, showing fine profits, profitable investment. Full particulars.—Box 4157, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Corns completely cured, no knife required; post-paid, 8d.—Beck, 46, King Street, Bradford.

Modern sportsmen, strengthen your muscles and guard against sprains, &c. Will send recipe, with particulars, P.O., 2s.—Wilson, 7, Elgin Street, Deeplish, Rochdale.

BUER'S PILE CURE gives instant relief in the worst cases and absolutely cures in a few days. 1s. 1½d., post free, **PLAIN WRAPPER.**—Buer Mul-la Co., 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.

Smoking.—Tobacco habit cured. Permanent or temporary.—Write Frances Charteris, 153, Duke Street, Liverpool.

For cure of Drink habit see Wood's advertisement, page 16.

Harem slave's secret, for men (Arabian musk), a fragrant, dreamy, Oriental perfume, 8d.; and one bottle Indian liquid bronze, to make you handsomely sunburnt, 10d.—Binn, 4, Pit Lane, Bradford.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 4159, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"400 Money-making Secrets," 1s. 2d.; 500 Veterinary Recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books 1s. 7d. for advertisement.—Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No More Round Shoulders.—Wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion. Post free, 1s. 3d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Regulars and Territorials.—Type of your regiment drawn in water-colours, 1s. 6d.; black and white, 1s. Postcards, colour, 6d.; black and white, 3d.—T. Arthur, 13, Western Road, St. Leonard's.

Umbrellas recovered as new. Send us your handle, we will cover with best silk gloria, supplying new frame, for 5s. 6d.; other prices from 2s. 6d.; post free.—Head, 109, Tanner's Hill, Deptford.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Safety razor, complete in case, with 7 blades, &c., cost 5s. when new; bargain; accept 2s. 9d., post free.—Box 3961, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5/- SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-
With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

A Fountain Pen for 7d. post free.—Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder, always ready for use, best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day, to Patent Novelties Co., 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

Genuine 5s. Ingersoll watches, brand new, in perfect order, a few to clear, 3s. 6d. each; postage and packing, 3d. extra.—Box 4163, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's handsome simulation gold double albert, 9d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

A Genuine Offer!—Pocket knives, shop price 3s. 6d., our price 1s.; the finest quality, the thinnest and the most handiest knife in the world (patent); guaranteed two of the finest Sheffield blades in English oxydised steel handles.—Send 1s. P.O. to Patent Novelties Co., 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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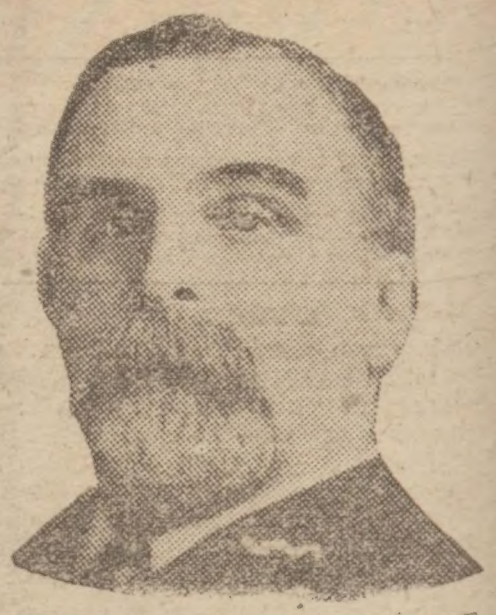
"I FEEL A GREAT INCREASE IN STRENGTH."



INSPECTOR GEO. HUME, Cleveland Terrace, Redcar.

COMPLETE NERVOUS COLLAPSE, SEVERE PAINS IN THE LIMBS, AND FAILURE OF THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL POWERS, describes Inspector Hume's general condition when he began taking Dr. Birley's Phosphorus (see "PLAIN" in List below). He suffered, also, from inflammation of the bladder and kidneys. His tongue was much furred in the morning, and he had a very small appetite.

"I felt very much better," he writes, "soon after I commenced taking the Phosphorus. I was much relieved from the pains in the limbs and my low, nervous state. I have a good appetite now, the flesh is firmer, I have regained my lost weight, and feel a great increase in strength generally. After suffering for some months, there can be no doubt that Dr. Birley's Phosphorus has done me a great amount of good, and I certainly regard it as most excellent for strengthening the brain and nerves and giving vigour and power to the whole system."

The symptoms noticeable are all indicative of a want of Phosphorus in the system, and is a fair example of the thousands of "nerve" cases so prevalent nowadays. Phosphorus is the one constituent that must in such cases be replaced in the system, and until this is done there can be little hope of permanent recovery.

Inspector Hume's case is convincing, inasmuch as improvement was noticeable within one week of the commencement of taking Dr. Birley's Phosphorus, indicating that the system was readily absorbing and turning to good account the Phosphorus thus administered.

Dr BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS COMPOUNDS

NOT Cure-Alls—SEPARATE Remedies for ALL Complaints

The strength and tone of the NERVES play a great and important part in the speedy and permanent removal of most human ailments and disorders.

The special form of Phosphorus (see "PLAIN" in list below) introduced by Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., now so well known and established as the most reliable and certain method of administering this valuable brain and nerve-feeding element, is what has proved so marvellously effectual in Inspector Hume's case.

In the following Compounds, introduced by Dr. Birley (after extended experiments and proving them in his large private practice) this specialised Phosphorus is combined with various valuable remediable agents and medicaments. Therefore, whichever one of Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds you may decide is necessary in your case your NERVOUS SYSTEM will thereby be strengthened and revitalised at the same time as the individual complaint itself is being cured. The cure will be permanent because of the great strengthening properties contained in each one of Dr. Birley's Phophorus Compounds.

PLAIN SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's preparations.* A Vitalising, sustaining Food and life-giving element for all Nervous Affections from whatever cause—Worry, Late Hours, Overwork. Remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving Headache, Sleeplessness, Loss of Memory, Brain Fag, Faintness, Trembling, Giddiness, and *those vague and undefined nervous symptoms of Neurasthenia*—viz., Over-Sensitiveness, Lassitude, Ill-Temper, Vague Fears, Depression, Morbid Forebodings, Irritability, Restlessness, and General Nervous Debility and Inability to Concentrate the Mind. Of Great Value to all (of either sex) engaged in mental and nerve-trying occupations. A short occasional course keeps the Brain and Nerves strengthened and fortified, and prevents nervous troubles. Should be taken whenever the system needs help. Do not wait for an actual breakdown before using.

IRONISED SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular and General Debility, Weak Heart, Paralysis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache and Kidney Weakness, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsical Swellings. Of *great value* as a restorative after *Influenza* or any debilitating illness.

SUB-IRONISED Specially prepared for Ladies and Delicate Persons *instead* of the "Ironised." For Debility of the Muscular and General System, and when "Below Par," and for Bright's Disease and Varicose Veins. For Anæmia, Poorness of Blood, and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value also for "backward" children.

BRONCHIAL SPECIAL REMEDY for Coughs, Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Sore Throat, Wheeziness, Old-Age Coughs, Night Coughs, Throat and Chest Weakness. Exceptionally valuable also in *Safely* removing Children's Coughs. Contains no narcotics nor anything injurious. It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time as curing the complaint. Should be persevered with for a short while after the ailment is cured because of its tonic properties.

GASTRIC SPECIAL REMEDY for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Stomach and Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, &c., &c. Tones up the Digestive Organs, and increases their *natural* powers of digesting foods by strengthening the NERVES that control digestion. It sustains and fortifies the whole system. Where, however, there is in addition *excessive* general weakness the Ironised or Sub Ironised should be taken on alternate days with it.

ANTI-RHEUMATIC SPECIAL REMEDY for every form of Rheumatism and Gout. (In some cases Ironised or Sub-Ironised will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it.)

ANTI-STIPATIO SPECIAL REMEDY for Chronic Constipation, Flatulence, Piles, Spasms, Prolapsus-Ani, &c., &c. This is not a purgative, but restores *natural* action by strengthening the muscular contractile power of the bowels.

They Treat Your NERVES as well as your Complaint

Dr. Birley's Phosporus Compounds are sold by ALL Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boots', Taylor's, Parkes', Lewis and Burrows', Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., LTD., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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